

K. III
A
LOOKING
Glasse, for London
and Englande.

Made by Thomas Lodge
Gentleman, and Robert Greene.

In Artibus Magister.



L O N D O N
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pauier, and
are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, neare the
Exchange, at the Signe of the Cat and
Parots. 1602.

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not at 60 St. H. 4

LOOKING

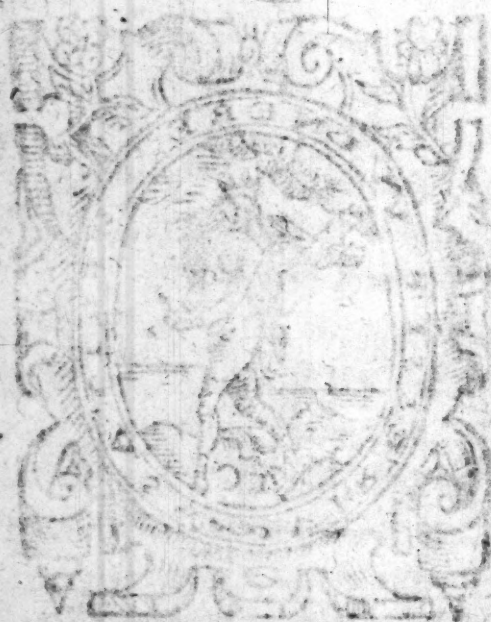
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Printed by
J. M. W. Turner
MUSEUM



LONDON

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A Looking Glasse, for London and England.

Enter *Rasni* King of *Niniue*, with three Kings of *Cicilia*, *Creet*,
and *Paphlagonia*, from the overthrow of *Ieroboham*, King of
Ierusalem.

Rasni. **S**o pace ye on triumphant warriors,
Make *Venus* *Uenition* armd in all his pompe,
Bath at the brightnesse of your hardie looks,
For you the *Uiceroyes* and the *Cauallires*,

That wait on *Rasnies* royall mightinesse:
Boast pettie Kings, and glozie in your States,
That starres haue made your fortunes clumbe so high,
To giue attend on *Rasnies* excellencie.
Am I not he that rules great *Niniue*,
Rounded with *Lycas* siluer flowing streames?
Whose Citie large *Diametri* contains,
Euen thre daies iournies length from wall to wall,
Two hundred gates carued out of burnisht brasse,
As glorious as the portopole of the Sunne,
And so to decke heauens battlements with pride,
Sire hundred Towers that topleesse touch the cloudes:
This Citie is the fittest steele of your King,
A hundred Lords do honour at my feete,
My scepter straineth both the *pozaleis*,
And now t'enlarge the highnesse of my power,
I haue made *Iudea*, Monarche sit the field,
And beat proud *Ieroboam* from his holdes,
Winning from *Cades* to *Samaria*,

A Looking Glasse, for

Great Iewries God, that soyld stout Benhadab,
Could not rebate the strength that Rasni brought,
For be he God in heauen, yet Viceroyes know,
Rasni is God on earth and none but he.

Cicilia. If lonely shape, feature by natures skill
Passing in beautie faire Eodymions,
That Luna waspt within her snowy breasts,
Or that sweet boy that wrought bright Venus bane,
Transfornide vnto a purple Hyacinth,
If beautie Nunpareile in excellence,
May make a King match with the Gods in grée,
Rasni is God on earth, and none but hee.

Creet. If martial looks waspt in a cloud of wars
More fierce then Mars, lightneth fro his eies
Sparkling reuenge and dire disparagement:
If doughtie deeds more haughtie then any done,
Seald with the smile of fortune and of fate,
Matchlesse to manage Lance and Curteler.
If such high actions grac'd with victories,
May make a King match with the Gods in grée,
Rasni is God on earth, and none but hee.

Paphla. If Pallas wealth,

Ras. Viceroyes inough, Paphlagon no more,
See where's my sister faire Remelia,
Fairer then was the virgin Diana,
That waits on Venus with a golden shoo,
She that hath stolne the wealth of Rasnies lookes,
And tide his thoughts within her lonely locks,
She that is lou'd, and Lone vnto your King,
See where she comes to gratulate my fame.

Enters Radagon with Remelia, sister to Rasni, Aluia wiseto-
Paphlagon, and other Ladies, bringing a Globe seated
in a ship.

Rem. Victorious Monarch, second vnto Ioue,
Mars vpon earth, and Neptune on the seas,
Whose frowne stroyes all the Ocean with a calme,
Whose smile, doalues Flora to display her pride,

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Whole eye holds wanton Venus at a gaze,
Rasni the Regent of great Ninive,
For thou hast soyle proud Ierobaams force,
And like the mustering breath of Aeolus,
That ouerturnes the Pines of Libanon,
Hast scattered Lewry and her vpstart gromes,
Winning from Cade to Samaria,
Remelia greets thee with a kinde salute,
And for a present to thy mightinesse,
Gives thee a Globe folded within a ship,
As King on earth, and Lord of all the seas,
With such a welcome unto Ninive
As may thy sisters humble loue afford.

Rasni. Sister, The title fits not thy degree,
A higher State of honour shall be thine,
The louely Trull that Mercury intrapt,
Within the curious pleasure of his tongue,
And she that batht the sun-god with her eyes,
Faire Semele the choise of Venus maides,
Were not so beauteous as Remelia.
Then sweeting, sister shall not serue the turne,
But Rasnes wife, his Lemmon and his Loue,
Thou shalt like Iuno wed thy selfe to loue,
And solo me in the riches of thy faire,
Remelia shall be Rasnes Paramour.
For why, if I be Mars for warlike deeds,
And thou bright Venus for thy cleare aspect,
Why should not from our loines issue a sonne,
That might be Lord of royall soueraignty?
Of twentie worldes, if twentie worldes might be:
What saist Remelia, art thou Rasnes wife?

Reme. My heart doth swell with fauour of thy
The loue of Rasni maketh me as proud (thoughts,
As Iuno when she wore heauens Diademe.
Thy sister be, he, was for thy wise my loue,
Had I the riches nature locketh by,

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To decke her darling beantie when she smiles,
Rasni should pranke him in the pride of all.

Ras. Remelias loue, is farre more either pride,
Then Ieroboam: or the woꝝles subdue:
Loydings, He haue my weddings sumptuous,
Made glouious with the treasures of the troꝝle,
He fetch from Albia shelles of Margarites,
And strip the Indies of their Diamonds,
And T're shall yeld me tribute of her gold.
To make Remelias wedding glouious,
He send for all the Damosell Queenes that liue
Within the reach of Rasnies gouernment,
To wait as hand-maides to Remelia,
That her attendant traine may passe the troupe
That glouied Venus at her wedding day.

Creer. Oh my Lord, not sister to thy loue,
His incest, and too foule a fact for kings,
Nature allowes no limits to such lust. (Lord,

Ra. Presumptuous Viceroy, dar'st thou checke thy
Or twit him with the lawes that nature loues?
Is not great Rasni aboue natures reach,
God vpon earth, and all his wil is lawe?

Creer. Oh flatter not, for hateful is his choise,
And sisters loue wil blemish all his woꝝth.

Rada. Doth not the brightnesse of his maiestie
Shadow his deeds from being counted faults?

Rasni. Well hast thou answered within Radon,
I like thee for thy learned Sophistrie.
But thou of Creer, that countercheckst thy King,
Wacke hence in exile, giue Radagon thy Crowne,
Be thee Vicegerent of his royaltie:
And faile me not in what my thoughts may please,
For from a begger haue I brought thee vp,
And grac'd hee with the honour of a Crowne.
Pe quandam King, what seed ye on delaies?

Creer. Better no king, then Viceroy vnder him

That

London and England.

What hath no vertue to maintaine his Crowne.

Raf. Remelias, what faire dames be those that wait
Attendant on thy matchlesse royaltie?

Reme. 'Tis Aluia, the faire wife to the king of Paphlagonia.

Raf. Trust me she is faire: thou hast Paphlagon a Jewel,
To sold thee in so bright a sweetings armes.

Rada. Like you her my Lord?

Rasni. What if I do Radagon?

Ra. Why then she is yours my Lord, for marriage
Makes no exception, where Rasni doth commaund.

Paphla. All dost thou counsel him to fancie wiues.

Rada. Wife or not wife, what so he likes is his.

Raf. Well answered Radagon, thou art for me,
Feed thou mine humors, and be still a king.

Lords goe in tryumph of my happie Loues,

And for to feast vs after all our broiles,

Frolicke and reuel it in Niniue.

Whatsoeuer befitteth your conceited thoughts,

Do good, or ill, loue, or not loue my boyes,

In loue, or what may satisfie your lust,

At it my Lords, for no man dare say no.

Smith. *Denesum imperium, Cum Ioue nunc tene.*

Exeunt.

Enters brought in by an Angell, Oseas the Prophet, and
let downe ouer the Stage in a Throne.

Angel. Amaze not man of God, if in the spirit

Th'art brought from Iewry vn to Niniue,

So was Elias wrapt within a storme,

And set vpon Mount Calue by the Lord,

For thou hast preacht long to the stubborne Iewes,

Whose flintie harts haue felt no sweet remorse,

But lightly valuing all the threats of God,

Haue still persouer'd in their wickednesse.

Loe I haue brought thee vnto Niniue.

The rich and royall Citie of the world,

Dampned in wealth, and ouergrowne with pride,

A Looking Glasse, for

As Sodome and Gomorrha full of sin,
The Lord looks downe and cannot see one good,
Not one that couets to obey his will,
But wicked all, from Cradle to the Church.
Note then Oseas all their grievous sinnes,
And see the wrath of God that paies reuenge.
And when the ripenesse of their sin is full,
And thou hast written all their wicked throughe,
He carrie thee to lewry backe againe,
And seate thee in great Ierusalem,
There shalt thou publish in her open streets,
That God sends downe his hatefull wrath for sin,
On such as neuer heard his Prophets speake,
Much more wil he inflict a world of plagues,
On such as heare the sweetnesse of his voice,
And yet obey not what his Prophets speake:
Sit thee Oseas pondzing in the spirit,
The mightinesse of these fond peoples sinnes.

Oseas. The will of the Lord be done. Exit Angell.

Enter the Clowne, and his crew of Ruffians,
to goe to drinke.

Ruf. Come on Smith, thou shalt be one of the crew, because
thou knowest where the best Ale in the Towne is.

Smith. Come on, in faith my coltes, I haue left my Halster
striking of a heate, and stole away, because I would keepe you
company.

Clowne. Why, what shall we haue this paltrie Smith with
vs?

Smith. Waltry Smith, why you incarnatine knave, what are
you, that you speak treason against the Smiths trade?

Clowne. Why slave, I am a gentleman of Ninine.

Smith. A gentleman good Sir, I remember you well, and all
your progenitors, your father bare Office in our towne, an honest
man he was, and in great discredit in the parish, for they bestow-
ed two Squires livings on him, the one was on working daies,
and then he kept the Towne stage, and on holy daies they made
him

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him the Hertens man, so; he whipt dogs out of the Church. Alas Sir, your Father, why Sir mee thinks I see the Gentleman still, a proper youth he was faith, aged some foure & ten, his beard Rats colour, halfe blacke, halfe white, his nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was nose Autem glorificam, so set with Rubies, that after his death it should haue bin nailed vp in Copper-Smiths hall for a monument. Well sir, I was beholding to your good father, so; he was the first man that euer instructed me in the misterie of a pot of Ale.

2. Well said Smith, that cross him ouer the thumbs.

Clown. Willaine were it not that we go to be merie, my rapier should presently quit thy opprobrious termes. Smith. O Peter, Peter, put vp thy sword I prithie hartily into thy scabard, for though I haue not a long reacher, I haue a short bitter. Say then Gentlemen staie me, for my chollo; begins to rise against him; so; marke the words of a paltry Smith, Oh horrible sentence, thou hast in these words I wil stand to it, libelled against all the sound Horses, whole Horses, soze Horses, Coursers, Curtalls, Jades, Cuts, Hacknies, and Hares: wherevpon my friend, in their defence, I giue thee this curse, thou shalt be worth a Horse of thine owne this seven yeare.

Clowne. I prithie Smith is your occupation so excellent? Smith. A paltry Smith, why ile stand to it, a Smith is Lord of the 4. Elements, for our Iron is made of the earth, our bellows blow out aire, our floze holdes fire, and our forge water. Say sir, we reade in the Chronicles, that there was a God of our occupation.

Clowne. I, but he was a Cuckold.

Smith. What was the reason he cald your Father cousin. Paltry Smith, why in this one word thou hast defaced their worshipful occupation.

Clowne. As how?

Smith. Marrie sir I wil stand to it, that a Smith in his kinde is a Physitian, a Surgion, and a Barber. For let a Horse take a cold, or be troubled with the bots, and we straight giue him a potion or a purgation, in such physicall manner that he mends strait, if he haue outward diseases, as the Spuing, Splent, Ring-bone, windgall,

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windgall o2 fashion, o2 sir a galled back, we let him blood, and clap a plaister to him with a pestilence, that mends him with a verie vengeance, now if his mane grow out of order, and he haue any rebellious haire, we straight to our sheeres and trim him with what cut it please vs, picke his eares, and make him neat, marry indeed sir, we are slouens for one thing, we neuer vse any muskeballs to wash him with, and the reason is sir, because he can loue without kissing.

Clowne. Well sirrha, leane off these praises of a Smith, and bring vs to the best Ale in the Towne.

Smith. Now sir I haue a seate about all the Smiths in Niniue, for sir, I am a Philosopher that can dispute of the nature of Ale, for marke you sir, a pot of Ale consists of foure parts, Impri-
ma is the Ale, the Toast, the Ginger and the Nutmeg.

Clowne. Excellent.

Smith. The Ale is restorative, bread is a binder, marke you sir two excellent points in phisicke, the Ginger, oh ware of that: the Philosophers haue written of the nature of Ginger, tis expul-
sitive in two degrees, you shall here the sentence of Galen, it will make a man belch, cough, and fart, and it is a great comfort to the heart, a proper poesse I promise you, but now to the noble vertue of the Nutmeg, it is saith one Ballad, I think an English Roman was the autho2, an vnderlayer to the braines, for when the Ale giues a buffet to the head, oh the Nutmeg that keepe him for a while in temper.

Thus you see the discription of the vertue of a pot of Ale, now sir to put my phisicall precepts in practise follow me, but before I step any further.

Clowne. Whats the matter now?

Smith. Why seeing I haue provided the Ale, who is the pur-
uoi2 for the wenches? for maisters take this of me, a cup of Ale without a wench, why alas tis like an Egge without salt, o2 a red Herring without mustard.

Clowne. Lead vs to the Ale, wele haue wenches enough I warrant that.

London and England.

O sea. Iniquitie seekes out companions still,
And mortall men are armed to do ill:
London looke on, this matter nips thee neere,
Leaue off thy ryot, pride, and sumptuous cheere:
Spend lesse at boord, and spare not at the doore,
But aide the Infant, and releue the poore.
Else seeking mercy, being mercilesse,
Thou be adiudged to endlesse heauinesse.

Enter the Vsurer, a yong Gentleman, and a poore man.

Vsu. Come on, I am euery day troubled with these needy companions, what netwes with you, what wind bzings you hither?

Gent. Sir I hope how far soeuer you make it off, you remember too well for me, that this is the day wherein I should pay you mony that I toke vp of you alate in a commoditie.

Poore man. And sir, sirreuerence of your manhood and genterie, I haue brought home such mony as you lent me.

Vsurer. You yong Gentleman, is my mony readie?

Gentle. Truly sir, this time was so short, the commoditie so bad, and the promise of friends so broken, that I could not provide it against the day, wherfore I am come to intreat you to stand my friend, and to fauour me with a longer time, and I will make you sufficient consideration.

Vsurer. Is the winde in that doze? if thou hast my mony so it is, I will not defer a day, an houre, a minute, but take the forfeit of the bond.

Gent. I pray you sir consider that my losse was great by the commoditie I toke vp, you knowe sir I borrowed of you fortie pounds, whereof I had ten pounds in money, and thirtie pounds in Lute strings, which when I came to sell againe, I could get but five pounds for them, so had I sir but fiftene pounds for my fortie: In consideration of this ill bargaine, I pray you sir giue me a month longer.

Vsurer. I answered thee afoze not a minute, what haue I to do hold thy bargaine proued, I haue thy hand set to my booke, that

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thou receiuedst thirtie pounds of me in money.

Gent. I sir it was your device that, to colour the Statute, but your conscience knowes what I had.

Poore. Friend, thou speakest Hebrew to him, when thou talkest to him of conscience, for he hath as much conscience about the forseyt of an Obligation, as my blinde Mare God blesse her, hath ouer a manger of Dates.

Gent. Then there is no fauour sir?

Vsu. Come to morrow to me, and see how I wil vse thee.

Gent. No couetous Caterpillar, know, that I haue made extreame shift rather then I would fall into the handes of such a rauening Panther: and therefore here is thy money, and deliuer me the recognisance of my lands.

Vsu. What a spite is this, hath sped of his Crownes, if he had mist but one halfe houre, what a goodly Farme had I gotten for thirtie pounds, wel tis my cursed fortune. Oh haue I no shift to make him forseyt his recognisance?

Gent. Come sir wil you dispatch and tell your money?

It strikes 4. a clocke.

Vsurer. Stay, what is this a clock foure? let me see, to be paid between the houres of three and foure in the afternone, this goes right for me: you sir, heare you not the clocke, and haue you not a counterpaine of your Obligation? the houre is past, it was to be paid betweene three and foure, and now the clocke hath stroken foure, I wil receiue none: He stand to the forseyt of the recognisance.

Gent. Why sir, I hope you do but iest, why tis but foure, and wil you for a minute take forseyt of my bond? if it were so sir, I was here before foure.

Vsurer. Why didst thou not tender thy money then? if I offer thee iniury, take the lawe of me, complaine to the Iudge, I wil receiue no money.

Poore. Well sir, I hope you wil stand my good maister for my Cow, I borrowed thirtie shillings on her, and for that I haue paid you 18. pence a weeke, and for her meate you haue had her milke, and I tel you sir, she giues a pretie sope: now sir here is

Vsurer

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Vsurer. Hang beggerly knaue, comiest to me for a Cow, did I not bind her bought and sold for a peny, and was not thy day to haue paid yesterday: thou getst no Cow at my hand.

Poore. No Cow sir, alas that word no Cow, goes as cold to my heart, as a draught of small drinke in a frostie morning. No Cow sir, why alas, alas, **V. Vsurer**, what shall become of me, my wife, and my poore childe?

Vsurer. Thou getst no Cow of me knaue, I cannot stand prating with you, I must be gone.

Poore. Nay but heare you **V. Vsurer**, no Cow, why sir heres your thirtie shillings, I haue paid you 18. pence a weeke, & therefoze there is reason I should haue my Cow.

Vsurer. What pratest thou, haue I not answered thee thy day is broken?

Poore. Why sir, alas, my Cow is a common wealth to mee, for first sir, she allowes me, my wife and sonne, for to banquet our selues withall, butter, cheese, whay, curds, creames, sop milke, raw milke, solwer milke, sweete milke, and butter-milke, besides sir, she saued me every yeare a penny in Almanakes, for she was as good to me as a **P. prognostication**, if she had but set vp her taile and haue gallopt about the meade, my little boy was able to say, **O** father there wil be a storme: her very taile was a balender to me, and now to lose my Cow, alas **V. Vsurer**, take pittie vpon mee.

Vsu. I haue other matters to talke on, farewell fellowes.

Gent. Why but thou courtous churle, wilt thou not receiue thy mony and deliuer me my recognizance?

Vsurer. He deliuer thee none, if I haue wronged thee, seeke thy mends at the law.

Gent. And so I wil in fatiable Defant.

Poore. And sir, rather then I wil put vp this word no Cow, I wil laie my wimes best good to paine. I tel you sir, when the slaue vttered this word no Cow, it strooke to my heart, for my wife shall neuer haue bene so fit to; her turne againe, for indeed sir, she is a woman that hath her swidling strings broke.

Gent. What meanest thou by that fellow?

Poore. **Haue** sir, irreuerence of your manhood, she breakes

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winde behinde, and indeed sir, when shee sat milking of her Cote and let a fart, my other Cotes would start at the noise, and kicke downe the milke and away: but this Cote, sir the gentlest Cote, my wife might blow whilst she burst: and having such good conditions, shall the Usurer come vpon me with no Cote: Pay sir, befoze I pocket by this word no Cote, my wiues gobone goes to the Lawier, why alas sir, tis as ill a word to me, as no Crowne to a King.

Gent. Wel fellow, goe with me, and ile help thee to a Lawier.

Poore. Harry and I will sir: No Cote, well the world goes hard.

Exeunt.

Oseas. Where hatefull vsurie
Is counted husbandrie,
Where mercilesse men rob the poore,
And the needy are thrust out of doore,
Where gain is held for conscience,
And mens pleasures is all on pence,
Where yong gentlemen forfeit their lands
Through ryot, into the Vsurers hands:
Where pouertie is despised & pitie banished,
And mercy indeed vterly vanished:
Where men esteeme more of mony then of God,
Let that land looke to feele his wrathfull rod.
For there is no sin more odious in his sight,
Then where vsurie defrauds the poore of his right.
London take heed, these sinnes abound in thee:
The poore complaine, the widowes wronged bee.
The Gentlemen by subtiltie are spoild,
The plough-men loose the crop for which they toild.
Sin raignes in thee O London euery houre,
Repent and tempt not thus the heavenly power.

Enters Remelia with a traine of Ladies, in all royaltie.

Reme. Faire Quene, yet handmaids vnto Rasnies loue,
Tell me, is not my state so gloriose
As Iunoes pomp, when tyed with heauens despoyle,
Clad in her bestments, spotted all with starres?

London and England. A

Is not Remelia faire more beauteous,
Rich with the pride of natures excellencie,
Then Venus in the brightest of her shine?
My hairees surpasse they not Apollo's lockes?
Are not my Tresses curled with such art,
As loue delights to hide him in their faire?
Doth not mine eye shine like the morning lampe,
That tels Aurora when her loue will come?
Haue I not stolne the beantie of the heauens,
And plac'd it on the feature of my face?
Can any Goddess make compare with me,
Or match her with the faire Remelia?

Alui. The beauties that proud Paris saw from Troy,
Dustering in Ida for the golden ball,
Were not so gorgeous as Remelia.

Reme. I haue trickt my tresses vp with richest balme,
And made my perfumes of the purest Myrrour,
The pretious drugs that Egypt's wealth affords,
The costly painting fetcht from curious Tyre,
Haue mended in my face what nature mist.
Am I not the earths wonder in my lockes?

Alui. The wonder of the earth & pride of heauen.

Reme. Like Aluida a hake stands not amisse,
For womens locks are trauels of conceit,
Which do intangle loue for all his wiles.

Alui. Madam, vntill you loy it trick and trim,
And plaie the ciuill wanton ere you yeeld,
Smiting disdaine of pleasures with your tongue,
Patting your princely Rasni on the cheek,
When he presumes to kisse without consent:
You marre the market, beantie nought auails,
You must be proud, for pleasures hardly got
Are swete, if once attainde.

Reme. Faire Aluida,
Thy counsell makes Remelia passing wise.
Suppose that that thou weart Rasni's mightiest,
And I Remelia Prince of excellence.

Alui.

Allooking Glasse, for

Alui. I would be maister then of loue and thee.

Reme. Of loue and me; I would a disdainful King,
Dar'st thou presume to touch a Deitie,

Before the grace thee with a feeling soule?

Alui. But my Remelia, be not thou so coy,
Say nay, and take it.

Reme. Carelesse and unkind,
Talkes Rasni to Remelia in such sort

As if he did enioy a humane forme?

Loke on thy Loue, behold mine eyes diuine,

And dar'st thou twit me with a womans fault?

Ah Rasni thou art rash to iudge of me,

I tell thee Floa oft hath towey my lips,

To lend a Rose to beautifie her spring,

The sea-Pymphs fetch their Lillies from my cheekes,

When thou vnkind; and here thou would I weepe.

Alui. And here would Alui daresigne her charge,

For were I but in thought of a Seruant King,

I needs must quite thy teares, with kisses sweete,

And craue a pardon with a friendly touch,

You know it Madame though I feare it not,

The touch I meane for kinde, when as you think ill.

Reme. How can I please to heare thy pittie praye,

According to the humors of my minde?

Ah Pymphs, who fairer than Remelia?

The gentle wind hath made me with their sighes,

The frowning aire hath cleerde when I did smile,

And when I trac'd upon the grasse,

Loue that makes warme the center of the earth,

Lift by his crest to kisse Remelias soles,

Iuno stil entertaines her amorous Loue,

With new delights, for I see he looke on me,

The Phoenix feathers are become my fannes,

For I am beauties Phoenix in this world.

Shut close these Curtains straight and shadow me,

For feare Apolloe see him in his walkes,

London and England

And scorne all eyes, to see Remelias eyes.
Pymphes, knancks, sing, for Mauors draweth nigh,
Hide me in Closure, let him long to looke,
For were a Goddesse faireer then am I,
He scale the heavens to pull her from her place.

They draw the Curtains, and Musicke plaies.

Alui. Beloue me, tho she say that she is fairest,
I thinke my pennie siluer by her leane.

Enter Rasni with his Lords in pompe, who make a warder
bout him, with him the Magi in great pompe.

Ras. Magi for loue of Rasni, by your Art,
By Magicke frame an Arbour out of hand,
For faire Remelia to disport her in.
Heane while, I will bethinke me on such a pompe.

The Magi with her rods beate the ground, and from vnder
the same riseth a braue Arbour, the King returneth in
an other suite while the Trumpets sound.

Rasni. Blessd be ye man of Art that grace me thus,
And blessed be this day where Himen hies,
To ioyne in vnion pride of heauen and earth.

Lightning and thunder wherewith Remelia is strooken.
What wondrous threatning noise is this I heare?
What flashing lightnings trouble our delights?
When I draw neare Remelias royall Tent,
I waking, dreame of sorrow or mishap.

Rada. Dread not a King at ordinary chance,
These are but common exaltations,
Drawne from the earth, in substance hot and drie,
Or moist and thicke, or Meteors combust,
Patters and causes incident to time,
Enkindling in the fire Region first.
But, be not now a Roman Angurer,
Approach the Tent, take on Remelia.

Rasni. Thou hast confirmd my doubts kind Radagon,
Now ope ye folos where Quene of fauour sits,
Carrying a Jet within her curled locks,

A Looking Glasse, for

Wherein the Graces are intangled oft :
Ope like thy imperiall gates where Phœbus sits,
When as he meanes to wed his China,
Pecternall cares, ye blemishers of blisse,
Cloud not mine eyes whilst I behold her face,
Remelia is my delight, she answereth not.

He drawes the Curtaines, and findes her stroo.

ken blacke with thunder

How pale as if betwixt in fatall murther,
The balmy breath hath left her bosome quiter,
My Hesperus by cloudie death is bent,
Willaines away, fetch Sircops of the Inde,
Fetch Balsomo, the kind preserue of life,
Fetch wine of Greece, fetch oiles, fetch herbes, fetch all
To fetch her life, or I will saint and die.

They bring in all these & offer, nought preuailes.

Herbes, Oyles of Inde, alas there nought preuailes.

Shut are the day-bright eyes, that made me see,

Lockt are the Jems of ioy in dens of death,

Yet triumph I on fate, and he on her.

Dallious mistresse of inconstancie,

Damnd be thy name, that hath obscur'd my ioy,

Kings, Viceroy, Princes, reare a royall tombe

For my Remelia, beare her from my sight,

Whilst I in teares weepe for Remelia.

They beare her out.

Rada. What maketh Rasi monie, lass of mine

As if no more were left so faire as she,

Behold a daintie minion for the nonce,

Faire Aluida, the Paphlagonian Quene,

Take her, and leaue this weeping for the dead.

Ras. What woe my subjects wife hath hono'red me

Ra. Tut, kings this mouth woe should not know.

Is she not faire? Is not her husband hence?

Hold, take her at the hands of Radagon.

A pretie peate to dyne your mourne away.

Rasi.

London and England.

Rafni. She smiles on me, I see she is mine owne.
Willt thou be Rafne: royall Haramour:

Raf. She blushing yields consent, make no dispute.
The King is sad, and must be gladded straight.
Let Paphlagonian thing goe mourning meane-while.

He thrust the King out, and so they *Exeunt.*

Oseas. Pride hath his iudgement, London looke
Tis not inough in shew to be deuour: (about
A sprie now from heauen to lands vnkowne,
Hath made the Prophet speake not to his owne.
Flee wanton flee, this pride and vaine attire,
The scales to set your tender hearts on fire.
Be faithfull in the promise you haue past,
Else God will plague and punish at the last,
When lust is hid in shroud of wretched life,
When craft doth dwell in bed of married wife,
Marke but the Prophets, we that shortly shewes,
After death expect for many woes.

Enters the poore man and the Gentleman,
with their Lawier.

Gen. I need not sir discourse vnto you, the dutie of Lawiers
in tendering the right caule of their Clients, nor the consciences
you are tied vnto by higher command, Therefore suffice the Ma-
ster hath done me wrong, you know the case: and good sir, I haue
strained my selfe to giue you your fees.

Lawier. Sir, if I should any way neglect so manifest a truth, I
were to be accused of open perjury, for the case is euident.

Poore. And truly sir, for my case, if you helpe me not for my
matter, why sir, I and my wife are quite vndone, I want my
meale of milke when I goe to my worke, and my boy his bread
and butter when he goes to schoole. My Lawier pittie me, for sure-
ly sir, I was faine to late my wines best gone to payme for
your fees, when I lookt vpon it sir, and saw how handsomly it was
dabbed with statute lace, and what a faire mockado Cape it had,
and then thought how handsomely it became my wife, truly sir my
heart is made of butter, it melts at the least persecution, I fell on

A Looking Glasse, for

weeping, but when I thought on the words the Vsurer gave me, no Cow: then sir, I would have stript her into her smocke, but I would make him believe my Cowe ere I had done, therefore good M. Lawier stand my friend.

Law. Trust me father, I will do for thee as much as for my selfe.

Poore. Are you married sir?

Lawier. I marry am I father.

Poore. Then good Benison light on you & your good wife, and send her that she be neuer troubled with my wifes disease.

Law. Why whats thy wifes disease?

Poore Truly sir, she hath two open faulces, and one priuie fault, sir the first is, she is too eloquent for a poore man, and hath her words of Art, so she will call me Rascal, Rogue, Runnagate, Harlet, Wagabound, Slave, and Knave. Why alas sir, and these be but holy-day termes, but if you heard hir working-day words, in faith sir, they be rattlers like thunder sir, so after she deaue folowes a storme, so then am I sure either to bee well buffeted, my face scratcht, or my head broken, and therefore good M. Lawier on my knees I aske it, let me not goe home againe to my wife, with this word, No Cow: so then she will exercise her two faults vpon me with all extremitie.

Law. Feare not man, but what is thy wifes priuie fault?

Poore. Truly sir, that is a thing of nothing, alas she indeede irreuerence of your maiestie, both she is breake worde in her sleep. Oh sir, here comes the Iudge, and the old Cantier the Vsurer.

Enters the Iudge, the Vsurer, and his attendants.

Vsurer. Sir here is fortye angels for you, and if at any time you want a hundred pound or two, tis readie at your command, or the feeding of three or foure fat bullocks: whereas these needy slaves can reward with nothing but a cap and a knee, and therefore I pray you sir fauour my case.

Iudge. Feare not sir, Ile do what I can for you.

Vsurer. What maister Lawier, what make you here, mine aduersary for these Clients?

Law.

London and England.

Law. So it chanceth now sir, I will not say more.

Viceroy. I know you know the place I mean. He is not wise, that is not wise for himself. I would not be disgraced in this action, therefore here is twenty angels for nothing in the matter, and what you say, say to no purpose, for the Judge is my friend.

Law. Let me alone, I'll fit your purpose.

Judge. Come, where are these fellows that are the plaintives, what can they say against this honest Citizen our neighbour, a man of good report amongst all men.

Poor. Truly M. Judge, he is a man much spoken off, marry every mans cries are against him, and especially we, and therefore I thinke we haue brought our Lawier to touch him with as much lawe as will fetch his landes and my Cowe, with a pestilence.

Genr. Sir, I am an other plaintiffe, and this is my Counsellour, I beseech your honour be favourable to me in equitie.

Judge. Oh Signior Mizaldo, what can you say in this Gentlemans behalfe? I will not say he is a good man, but I will say he is a good man, for he is a good man, and I will say he is a good man, for he is a good man, and I will say he is a good man, for he is a good man.

Genr. Is the winde in that doze? why then my Lord thank I, I took up of this cursed Usurer, for so I may well terme him, a commodity of fortie pounds, whereof I receiued ten pound in money, and thirtie pound in Use things, whereof I could by great friendship make but five poundes for the assurance of this bad commodity, I bestowed him my land for redignifance, I came at my day and tendered him his money and he would not take it, for the redelle of my spent money, I craue but iustice.

Judge. What say you to this sir?

Viceroy. What say he had no Use things of me, for looke you sir, I haue his own hand to my backe for the receit of fortie pound.

Genr. What was sir, but a device of him to colour the statute.

Judge. Well he hath thine owne hand, and we can craue no more in lawe: but now sir, he saies his money was tendered at the day and houre,

An Looking Glasse, for

Usurer. This is manifest contrary to, and on that I will de-
pose, for here is the obligation, to be paid betwixt three and foure
in the afternoon, and the Clocke stroke foure before he offered
it, and the money is betwixt three and foure, therefore to be ten-
ded before foure.

Gen. Sir I was there before foure, and he held me with bza-
bling till the Clocke stroke, and then for the breach of a minute he
refused my money; and keepe the recognisance of my land for so
small a trifle: Good Signor Mizald speak what is late, you haue
your fee, you haue heard what the case is, and therefore do me in-
justice and right: I am a yong Gentleman, and speake for my patri-
mony.

Lawier. Faith Sir, the Case is altered, you told me it before in
an other maner, the law goes quite against you, and therefore you
must plead to the Iudges for fauour.

Gen. A execrable hybern, that would way shalld be, would
Poore. Faith Sir Iudge, I pray you let me be the Gentlemans
Counsellour, for I can say thus much in his defence, that the W-
others Clocke is the fastest Clocke in all the Realme, tis as like
a mans tongue, it goes a ever halfe an houre before the time: for
when we were gone from him, other Clocks in the Realme stroke
four.

Iudge. Hold thy prating fellows, and you yong Gentleman,
this is my ward, take better an other time both to part bargaines
and to the payments, for I must giue flat sentence against you:
that for default of tendering the money betwixt the hours, you
haue forfeited your recognisance, and he to haue the land.

Gen. What speakable iniustice.

Poore. A monstrous, miserable, moath-eaten Iudges

Iudge. Now you fellows, what haue you to say for your matters?
Poore. What? Lawier, I haide my wines gone to pawns
for your fees, I pray you to this generall.

Lawier. Alas poore man, thy matter is out of my head, and
therefore I pray thee tell it thy selfe.

Poore. I hold my Cap to a noble, that the Usurer hath giuen
him some gold, and he chewing it in his mouth, hath got the tooth-
ache that he cannot speake.

Iudge.

London and England.

Judge. Well sirrha, I must be short, and therefore say on.

Poore. My maister Judge, I borrowed of this man thirtie shillings, for which I left him in palme my good Colw, the bargaine was, he should haue eighteen pence a weeke, and the Cowes milke for vsurie: Now sir, as soon as I had gotten the money, I brought it him and broke but a day, and for that he refused his money, and keepes my Colw sir.

Judge. Why thou hast given sentence against thy selfe, for in breaking thy day, thou hast lost thy Colw.

Poore. My maister I amier, now for my ten shillings.

Lawier. Faith poore man, thy Case is so bad, I shall but speake against thee.

Poore. Were good then I should haue my ten shillings again.

Lawier. I ising of a fellow for comming, wouldst thou haue me come for nothing to say what I will?

Poore. Why then am I like to goe home, not only with no Colw, but no gowne: this geare goes hard.

Judge. Well you haue heard what fauour I can shew you, I must be iustice, to me Myzalde, and you sir, go home with me to dinner.

Poore. Why but my Judge, no gowne, & my Lawier, no gowne, When must I cleane run out of the Towne.

How chere you Gentleman, you eris no lands to, the Judge hath made you a knight for a gentleman, hath dubd you sir Iohn Lack-land.

Gent. I may be able to, wherein gold is above.

Poore. Feare not man, I haue yet a fetch to get thy lands and my Colw againe, for I haue a forme in the Court, that is either a thing, or a things fellow, and to him will I goe, and complaine on the Judge, and the vsurer both.

Gent. And I will goe with thee and intreat him for my case.

Poore. But how shall I goe home to my wife, when I shall haue nothing to say unto her, but no Colw. Alas sir, my wines faulte will fall upon me.

Gent. Feare not, lets goe, Ie quiet her that see.

Excuse.

A Looking Glasse, for

Of The Judges, his corruption in your Court.
The Judge of truth, hath made your judgement short.
Looke to to iudge, that at the latter day
Ye be not iudg'd with those that went astray.
Who passeth iudgement for his private gaine,
He well may iudge, he is adiudg'd to paine.

Enters the Clowne and all his crew drinke

Clowne. Farewell gentle Wapster, maisters, as good Ale as
euer was tapt, looke to your fate, for the Ale is strong: well fare,
well gentle Wapster.

1. Ruff. Why Sirha staine, by heauen's maker, thinkest thou
the wench loues thee best, because she laugh on thee, giue me but
such an other word, and I will throw the pot at thy head.

Clowne. Spill no brynde, spill no vintage, the Ale is good, Ale
tel you what, Ale is Ale, and so Ale commend me to you with hart
lie commendations: farewell gentle Wapster.

2. Why wherefore peasant scornst thou that the wench should
loue me: looke but on her, and Ale thrust my dagger in thy bosom.

1. Ruff. Well Sirha well, what is that, and so Ale take thee.

2. Why what art thou?

1. Why what thou wilt, a staine.

2. When take that villaine, and learne how to blame another.

1. Oh I am staine.

2. What's all one to me, I care not, now tell what my wench,
and call for a fresh pot.

Clowne. Play but heere ye, take me with ye, for the Ale is Ale,
cut a fresh toast Wapster, fill me a pot here is nothing, I am no beg-
ger, Ale followe thee as long as the Ale lasts: a pestilence on the
bloody to me, for I might haue had a fall: well if we shall haue
no Ale Ale fill me vponne, and so farewell gentle Wapster.

Here he takes vnder the dead man's printing and
Enters the King, Aluida, the King of Cinthia, and of Pa-
phlagonia, with other attendants.

Raf. What slaughtred wretch lies bleeding here his last,

London and England.

So neare the royall Pallace of the King,
Search out if any one be biding nigh,
That can discourse the manner of his death.
Seate thee faire Aluida, the faire of faires,
Let not the strict once offend thine eyes.

Lord. Heres one sits here a sleepe my Lord.

Raf. Wake him, and make enquire of this thing.

Lord. Sirrha you, hearest thou fellows?

Clowne. If you will fill a fresh pot, heres a penny, or else fare
well gentle Tapster.

Lord. He is drunke my Lord.

Rafni. Woele sport with him, that Aluida may laugh.

Lord. Sirrha thou fellow, thou must come to the King.

Clowne. I will not do a stroke of worke to day, for the Ale is
good Ale, and you can aske but a penny for a pot, no more by the
Statute.

Lord. Willaine, here is the King, thou must come to him.

Clowne. The King come to an Alehouse? Tapster fill me three
pots, wheres the King, is this he? Giue me your hand sir, as good
Ale as euer was tapt, you shall drinke while your skin cracke.

Raf. But hearest thou fellows, who kild this man?

Clowne. He tell you sir, if you did taste of the Ale, all Ninuie
hath not such a cup of Ale, it floures in the cup sir, by my troth I
spent eleuen pence, beside three rales of Ginger.

Raf. Answer me knane to my question, how came this man
Aaine?

Clowne. Slain, why Ale is strong Ale, tis huscap, I warrant
you twill make a man well. Tapster ho, for the King a cup of Ale
and a fresh Toast, heeres two rales more.

Alui. Why good fellows the King talkes not of drinke, he would
hane thee tell him how this man came dead.

Clowne. Dead, nay I thinke I am aline yet, and will drinke a
full pot ere night, but heare ye, if ye be the wench that sild vs drink
why so: do your office, and giue vs a fresh pot, or if you be the tap-
sters wke, why so, wash the glasse cleane.

Alui. He is so drunke my Lord, there is no talking with him.

A Looking Glasse, for

Clowne. Drunke, nay then wench I am not drunke, thart a shitten queane to call me drunke, I tell thee I am not drunke, I am a Smith.

Enters the Smith, the Clownes maister.

Lord. Sir here comes one perhaps that can tell.

Smith. God saue you maister.

Rasni. Smith canst thou tell me how this man came dead?

Smith. Nay it please your highnesse, my man here and a crue of them went to the Ale house, and came out so drunke, that one of them kild another: and now sir, I am faine to leaue my shop, and come to fetch him home.

Rasni. Some of you carry away the dead body, drunken men must haue their fits, and sirrha Smith, hence with thy man.

Smith. Sirrha you, rise, come goe with me.

Clowne. If we shall haue a pot of Ale, lets haue it, heres monny: hold Tapster take my purse.

Smith. Come then with me, the pot stands full in the house.

Clowne. I am for you, lets go, thart an honest Tapster, wæle drinke fire pots ere we part.

Exeunt.

Rasni. Beauteous, moze bright then beantie in mine eyes,
Tell me faire sweeting, wants thou any thing
Contented within the threefold circle of the world,
What may make Aluida liue full content?

Alui. Nothing my Lord, for all my thoughts are please,
When as mine eye surfets with Rasnies sight.

Enters the King of Paphlagonia, male-content.

Rasni. Marke how thy husband haunts our royall Courts,

How still his sight breeds melancholy stormes:

Oh Aluida, I am passing passionate,

And vext with wrath and anger to the death:

Mars when he held faire Venus on his knee,

And saw the limping Smith come from his forge,

Had not moze deeper sorowes in his brow,

Then Rasni hath to see this Paphlagon.

Alui. Content thee sweet, Ile salue thy sorow straight,

Wrest but the ease of all thy thoughts on me,

And

London and England.

And if I make not Rasni blithe againe,
Then say that womens fancies haue no shifts.

Paphla. Shamiſt thou not Rasni though thou beest a King,
To shroud adultry in thy royall seate?
Art thou arch-ruler of great Ninuie,
Who shouldst excell in vertue as in state,
And wrongst thy friend by keeping backe his wife?
Haue I not battaild in thy troupes full oft,
Gainst Egypt, Iury, and proud Babylon,
Spending my blood to purchase thy renowne,
And is this the guerdon of my chivalrie,
Ended in this abusing of my wife?
Restoze her me, or I will from thy Court
And make discourse of thy adulterous deeds.

Ras. Why take her Paphlagon, exclaime not man,
For I do prize mine honour moze then loue.
Fairst Aluida goe with thy husband home.

Alui. How dare I go, shami'd with so deepe misdeed,
Reuenge wil broyle within my husbands brest,
And when he hath me in the Court at home,
Then Aluida shall seele reuenge for all.

Ras. What saist thou King of Paphlagon to this?
Thou hearest the doubt thy wife doth stand vpon,
If she haue done amisse it is my fault,
I prithie pardon and forget all.

Paphla. If that I meant not Rasni to forgiue,
And quite forget the follies that are past,
I would not vouchsafe her presence in my Court,
But she shall be my Queene, my Loue, my life,
And Aluida vnto her Paphlagon
And loued, and moze beloued then before.

Ras. What saist thou Aluida to this?

Alui. That will he sweare it to my Lord the King,
And in a full carouse of Greekish wine,
Drinke downe the malice of his deepe reuenge,
I wil goe home and loue him new againe.

A Looking Glasse, for

Ras. What answers Paphlagon?

Paphla. What what she hath requested I will doe.

Alui. Goe Damocell fetch me that sweet wine
That stands within the Closet on the shelle,
Powe it into a standing bowle of gold,
But on thy life taste not before the King.

Hake hast, why is great Rasni melancholy thus?

If promise be not kept, hate all for me.

Here is the wine my Lord, first make him sweare.

Paphla. By Ninivies great gods, & Ninivies great:
My thoughts shall neuer be to wrong my wife, (king,
And thereon heres a full carowse to her.

Alui. And thereon Rasni heres a kisse for thee,
Now maist thou freely sold thine Aluida.

Paphla. Oh I am dead, obstructions of my breath,
The poyson is of wondrous sharpe effect,
Curled be all adultrous queenes say I,
And cursing so, poze Paphlagon both die.

Alui. Now haue I not salued the sorowes of my lord?
Haue I not rid arriuall of thy lones?

What saist thou Rasni to thy Paramour?

Rasni. What for this deed Ile deck my Aluida

In Sendall and in costly Sussapine,

Wozdred with Pearle and India Diamond,

Ile cause great Eol perfume all his haundes

With richest Myre, and curious Ambergrece.

Come louely minion, paragon for faire,

Come follow me sweet goddess of mine eye,

And taste the pleasures Rasni will prouide. Exeunt.

Oseas. Where whordome raignes, there murther follows fast,
As falling leaues before the winter blast.

A wicked life, trainde vp in endlesse crime.

Hath no reward vnto the latter time.

When Letchers shall be punished for their lust,

When princes plagued, because they are vnjust.

Foresee in time, the warning bell doth sound,

London and England.

Subdue the flesh by praier, to save the soule.
London behold the cause of others wracke,
And set the sword of iustice at thy backe.
Deferre not off, to morrow is too late,
By night he comes perhaps to iudge thy state,
Enter Ionas Solus.

Io. From forth the depth of my imprisoned soule,
Steale you my sighes, testifie my paine,
Conuey on wings of mine immortall tone,
By zealous praiers, vnto the starry throne:
Oh mercifull and iust, thou dreadfull God,
Where is thine arme to laie reuengefull strokes
Vpon the heads of our rebellious race?
Loe Israel once that flourish'd like the vine,
As barraine laid, the beautifull increase
As wholly blent, and irreligious zeale
Incampeth there where vertue was in thron'd,
Alas the while, the widow wants reliefe,
The fatherlesse is wronged by naked need,
Deuotion sleepest in sinners of contempt,
Hypocrisie infects the holy Priest.
Aye me for this, woes me for these misdeeds,
Alone I walke to thinke vpon the world,
And sigh to see thy Prophets so condemn'd:
Alas condemn'd by curst Israel.
Yet Ionas rest content, tis Israels sinne
What causeth this, then muse no more thereon,
But pray amends, and mend thy owne amill.

An Angel appeareth to Ionas.

An. Amithais same, I charge thee muse no more,
(I am) hath power to pardon and correct,
To thee pertaines to do the Lords command.
Go Girt thy loines, and hast thee quickly hence
To Ninuie, that mightie Citie wend,
And say this message from the Lord of hostes,
Preach vnto them these tidings from thy God.

A Looking Glasse, for

Behold thy wickednesse hath tempted me,
And pierced through the ninefold orb of heauen;
Repent, or else thy iudgement is at hand.

This said, the Angell vanisheth.

Jonas. Prostrate I lye before the Lord of hostes,
With humble eares attending his behest,
Ah honoured be Iehonahs great command.
Then Ionas must to Ninioe repaire,
Commaunded as the Prophet of the Lord,
Great dangers on this iourney do await,
But dangers none where heauen directs the course.
What should I deeme? I see, yea sighing see,
How Israel sinne, yet knowes the way of truth,
And thereby growes the by-word of the world,
How then should God in iudgement be so strict,
Gainst those who neuer heard or knew his power,
To threaten utter ruine of them all?
Should I report this iudgement of my God,
I should incite them more to follow sinne,
And publish to the world my Countries blame,
It may not be, my conscience tels me no.
Ah Ionas wilt thou proue rebellious then?
Consider ere thou fall, what error is,
My minde misgines, to Ioppa will I flie,
And for a while to Tharsus shape my course,
Until the Lord vnstet his angry browes.

Enter certaine merchants of Tharsus, a Mai-
ster, and some Sailers.

Mai. Come on brave merchants, now the wind doth serue,
And sweetly blotwes a gale at West Southwest.
Our yards a crosse, our anchors on the pike,
What shall we hence and take this merry gale?

Mer. Sailers comey our budgets strait aboard,
And we wil recompence your paines at last,
If once in safetie we may Tharsus see,
Haister, weele feast these merry mates and the,

Maister.

London and England.

Maister. Mean-while content your selues with silly rates,
Our beds are boards, our feasts are full of mirth.
We vse no pompe, we are the Lords of see,
When Princes sweat in care, we swinke of glee.
Orions shoul ders and the pointers serue
To be our Load-stars in the lingring night,
The beauties of Arcturus we behold,
And though the Sailer is no booke-man held,
He knowes more Art then ever booke-men read.

Sailer. By heauens well said, in hono^r of our trade,
Lets see the proudest scholler stir his courle.
O^r shift his tides as silly Sailers do,
Then wil we yeeld them praise, else neuer none.

Mer. Well spoken fellow in thine owne behalfe,
But let vs hence, winde carries none you wot,
And tide and time let slip is hardly got.

Mai. Harch to the haueu merchants, He follow you.

Jonas. Now doth occasion further my desires,
I finde companions fit to aide my flight.
Staic sir I pray, and heare a word o^r two.

Mai. Say on good friend, but briefly if you please,
My passengers by this time are aboord.

Ion. Whither pretend you to unbarke your selues?

Mai. To Tharsus sir, and here in Ioppa haueu.
Our ship is prest and readie to depart.

Ion. May I haue passage for my money then?

Mai. What not for money? pay ten silverlings.
You are a welcome guest if so you please.

Ion. Hold take thine hire, He follow thee my friend.

Mai. Where is your budget let me beare it sir.

Ion. To one in grace, who sailes as I do now,
Put trust in him, who succoureth euery want.

Exeunt.

Oseas. When Prophets new inspir'd, presume to force
And tie the power of heauen to their conceits,
When feare, promotion, pride, or simony,
Ambition, subtil craft, their thoughts disguise,

Woe

A Looking Glasse, for

Woe to the flocke whereas the shepheards fold,
For loe the Lord at vnawares shall plague
The carelesse guide, because his flocks do stray:
The axe already to the tree is set,
Beware to tempt the Lord ye men of art.

Enters Alcon, Thrasibulus, Samia, Clesiphon a lad.

Clesi. Mother, some meate, or else I die for want.

Samia, Ah little boy how glad thy mother would
Supply thy wants, but naked need denies:

Thy fathers slender portion in this world,

By vsury and false deceit is lost,

No charitie within this Citie bides:

All for themselves, and none to helpe the poore.

Clesi. Father, shall Clesiphon haue no reliefe?

Alcon. Faith my boy, I must be flat with thee, we must lye
vpon prouerbes now. As necessitie hath no law, a charles feast is
better then none at all: for other remedies haue we none, except
thy brother Radagon helpe vs.

Samia. Is this thy slender care to helpe our childe?

Hath nature armd thee to no more remorse:

Ah cruell man, unkind and pittilesse:

Come Clesiphon my boy, Ile beg for thee.

Clesi. Oh how my mothers mourning moueth me.

Alcon. Nay you shal pay me interest for getting the boy (wife)
before you carrie him hence. Alas woman what can Alcon do
more? Ile plucke the belly out of my heart for thee sweete Samia,
be not so waspish.

Samia. Ah silly man, I know thy want is great,
And foolishly I do craue where nothing is.

Haste Alcon haste, make haste vnto our sonne,

Who since he is in fauour of the King,

May helpe this haplesse Gentleman and vs,

For to regaine our goods from tyrants hands.

Thra. Haue patience Samia, waight your weale from heauen,
The Gods haue raised your sonne I hope to this,

London and England.

To succour innocents in their distresse.

Enters Radagon, Solus.

To whers he comes from the imperiall Court,
Go, lets prostrate vs befoze his seate.

Alcon. Pay by my troth, ile neuer aske my sonne blessing, cho
trow, cha taught him his lesson to know his father, what sonne
Radagon, ysaith boy how doest thee?

Rada. Willaine disturbe me not, I cannot stay.

Alcon. Tut sonne ile helpe you of that disease quickly, so; I
can hold thee, ask thy mother knaue, what cunning I have to ease
a woman, when a qualme of kindnesse comes so neare her sto
macke? Let me but claspe mine armes about her body, and say my
prayers in her bosome, and she shall be healed.

Rada. Traitor, vnto my Princely Maiestie,
How darest thou lay thy hands vpon a King?

Samia. No traitor Radagon, but true is he,
What hath promotion bleared thus thine eye,
To scorne thy father when he visits thee?
Ah-lasse my sonne, behold with ruthfull eyes,
Thy parents robd of all their worldly weale,
By subtile meanes of vsurie and guile,
The Judges eares are deafe and shut vp close,
All mercie sleepest, then be thou in these plunges
A patron to thy mother to her paines:

Behold thy brother almost dead so; soode,
Oh succour vs, that first did succour thee.

Rada. What succour me: false callet hence auant,
Old dotard pack, moue not my patience,
I know you not, Kings neuer looke so lowe.

Samia. You know vs not. Oh Rada. you know,
That knowing vs, you know your parents then,
Thou knowst this wombe first brought thee forth to light,
I know these paps did foster thee my sonne.

Alcon. And I know he hath had many a peece of bread & cheere
At my hands, as proud as he is, that know I.

Thracib. I waight no hope of succours in this place,

A Looking Glasse, for

Where children hold their fathers in disgrace.

Rada. Dare you enforce the furrowes of reuenge,
Within the browes of royall Radagon?
Willaine auant, hence beggers with your bzats.
Marshall, why whip you not these rogues away?
That thus disturbe our royall Maiestie.

Clesiphon. Mother I see it is a wondrous thing,
From base estate for to become a King:
For why? me thinke my brother in these fits,
Hath got a kingdome, and hath lost his wits.

Rada. Yet more contempt befoze my royaltie?
Slaves fetch out tortures worse then Tircius plagues,
And feare their tongues from their blasphemous heads.

Thras. He get me gone, tho woe begon with grieve,
No hope remaines, come Alcon let vs wend.

Ra. Twere best you did, for feare you catch your bane.

Samia. Nay traytoz, I will haunt thee to the death,
Ungracious sonne, vntoward and peruerse,
He fill the heauens with ecchoes of thy pride,
And ring in euery eare thy small regard,
That doest despise thy parents in their wants,
And breathing forth my soule befoze thy fete,
My curses still shal haunt thy hatefull head,
And being dead, my ghost shal thee pursue.

Enter Rasni King of Assiria, attended on by his
Sooth-sayers and Kings.

Rasni. How now? what meane these outcries in our Court?
Where nought should sound, but harmonies of heauen,
What maketh Radagon so passionate?

Samia. Justice, O King, iustice against my sonne.

Rasni. Thy sonne: what sonne?

Samia. This cursed Radagon.

Rada. O dead Monarch, this is but a lunacie,
Which grieve and want hath brought the woman to,
That doth this passion hold you euery Moone?

Samia.

London and England.

Samia. Oh polliticke in sinne and wickednesse,
Too impudent so; to delude thy Prince.
Oh Rasni, this same wombe brought him forth,
This is his father, woyme with care and age,
This is his brother, poore unhappie lad,
And I his mother, though contem'd by him.
With tedious toyle we got our little good,
And brought him vp to schoole with mickle charge;
Lord how we toy'd to see his towardnesse,
And to our selues, we oft in silence said,
This youth when we are old may succour vs;
But now preferd, and lifted vp by thee,
We quite destroyed by curled vsurie,
He scorneth me, his father, and this childe.

Clesi. He playes the Serpent right, describ'd in AEsops tale,
That sought the fosters death, that lately gaue him life.

Alcon. Nay and please your Maiestie, for prooue he was my
childe, search the Parish booke: the Clarke will sweare it, his God-
fathers and Godmothers can witnesse it, it cost me fortie pence in
ale and cakes on the wines at his chrysming. Hence proud king,
thou shalt neuer moze haue my blessing.

He takes him apart.

Rasni. Say sooth in secret Radagon.
Is this thy father?

Rada. Mightie King hee is,
I blushing, tell it to your Maiestie.

Ras. Why dost thou then contemne him and his friends?

Rada. Wherease he is a base and abiect swaine,
My mother and her bzat both beggerly,
An meeke fr, be allied vnto a King,
Should I that looke on Rasnes countenance,
And march amidst his royall equipage,
Embale my selfe to speake to such as they?
Wherere impious so to impaire the loue
That mightie Rasni beares to Radagon.
I should your grace would quit them from your sight,

A Looking Glasse, for

That dare presume to looke on Ioues compare.

Rasni. I like thy pride, I praise thy pollicie,
Such should they be that waight vpon my Court.

Let me alone to answere (Radagon.)

Willaines, seditious traitors as you be,

That scandalize the honour of a king.

Depart my Court, you scales of impudence,

Unlesse you would be parted from your limmes,

So base for to intitle father-hood,

To Rasnes friend, to Rasnes fauourite?

Rada. Hence begging scold, hence casine clogg with
On paine of death reuist not the Court. (yeares,

Was I conceiu'd by such a scurue trull?

Or brought to light by such a lumpe of dirt?

Go Lozell, trot it to the cart and spade,

Thou art vnmeet to looke vpon a king,

Such lesse to be the father of a king.

Alcon. You may see Wife, what a goodly peece of worke you
hane made, hane I taught you *Arismetrie*, as *addition* *multiplica-*
rum, the rule of three, and all for the begetting of a boy, and to be
banished for my labour. A pittifull hearing. Come Clesiphon, fol-
low me.

Clesi. Brother beware, I oft haue heard it told, (old.
That sonnes who do their fathers scozne, shall beg when they be
Exit Alcon, Clesiphon.

Rada. Hence bastard boy, for feare you taste the whip.

Samia. Oh all you heauens, and you eternall powers,
That sway the sword of iustice in your hands,

(If mothers curses of her sonnes contempt,

May fill the ballance of your surie full)

Downe the tempest of your direfull plagues,

Vpon the head of cursed Radagon.

Vpon this praier she departeth, and a flambe of fire appeareth
from beneath, and Radagon is swallowed.

So you are iust, now triumph Samia.

Exit Samia.

Rasni

London and England.

Rasni. What exorcising charme, or hatefull bag,
Hath raniſhed the pride of my delight?
What tortuous Planets, or malevolent
Conſpiring power, repining deſtynie
Hath made the concave of the earth vnclowe,
And ſhut in ruptures lonely Radagon?
If I be Lord-commander of the cloudes,
King of the earth, and ſoueraigne of the ſeas,
What daring Saturne from his fierie Denne,
Doth dart theſe furious flambes amidſt my Court?
I am not chiefe, there is moze great then I.
What greater then Th' aſſirian Satropos?
It may not be, and yet I feare there is,
That hath bereft me of my Radagon. (uinces,

Soothſayer. Monarch and Potentate of all our Pro-
Mule not ſo much vpon this accident,
Which is indeed nothing myzaculous,
The hill of Scieely, dread Soueraigne,
Sometime on ſudden, doth euacuate
Whole flakes of fire, and ſpues out from below,
The ſmoakie bzands that Vulucus bellowes dyne,
Whether by windes incloſed in the earth,
Or fracture of the earth by riuers force,
Such chances as was this, are often ſcene,
Whole Cities ſunke, whole Countries drowned quite,
Then make not at the loſſe of Radagon,
But frolicke with the dalliance of your loue.
Let cloathes of purple ſet with ſtuddes of gold,
Embelliſhed with all the pride of earth,
Be ſpread for Aluida to ſit vpon:
Then thou like Mars, courting the Queene of loue,
Maſt dye away this melancholy ſit.

Rasni. The proſe is good, and philoſophicall,
And moze, thy counſell pleaſible and ſweete.
Come Lords, though Rasni wants his Radagon,
Earth will repay thee many Radagons,

A Looking Glasse, for

And A luida with pleasant looks reuiue,
The heart that droupes for want of Radagon.

Exeunt,

Oseas. When disobedience raigneth in the childe,
And Princes eares by flattery be beguilde :
When lawes do passe by fauour, not by truth,
When falshood swarmeth both in old and youth,
When gold is made a god to wrong the poore,
And charitie exilde from rich mens doore,
When men by wit, do labour to disproue,
The plagues for sinne, sent downe by God aboue:
Where great mens eares are stopt to good aduice,
And apt to heare those tales that feed their vice :
Woe to the land, for from the East shall rise,
A lambe of peace, the scourge of vanities.
The Iudge of truth, the patron of the iust,
Who soone will lay presumption in the dust,
And giue the humble poore their hearts desire,
And doome the worldlings to eternall fire.
Repent all you that heare, for feare of plagues.
O London, this and more doth swarme in thee,
Repent, repent, for why the Lord doth see,
With trembling pray, and mend what is amisse,
The sword of iustice drawne alreadie is.

Enter the Clowne and the Smiths Wife.

Clowne. Why but heare you mistresse, you know a womans
eyes are like a paire of pattens, fit to saue shoo-leather in sommer,
and to keepe away the cold in winter, so you may like your hus-
band with the one eye, because you are married, and mee with the
other, because I am your man. Alasse, alasse, think mistresse what
a thing loue is, why it is like to an ostry faggot, that once set on
fire, is as hardly quenched, as the bird Crocodill driuen out of her
neast.

Wife. Why Adam, cannot a woman wink but she must sleepe,
and can she not loue, but she must crie it out at the Crosse : know
Adam,

London and England.

Adam, I loue thee as my selfe, now that we are together in secret.

Clown. Mistrie these words of yours are like a For taile, placed in a gentlewomans Fan, which as it is light, so it giueth life. Oh these words are as sweete as a lilly, wherupon offering a borachio of kisses to your vnseemely personage, I entertain you vpon further acquaintance.

Wife. Alasse my husband comes.

Clown. Strike vp the drum, and say no words but mum.

Smith. Sirrha you, and you huswife, well taken together, I haue long suspected you, and now I am glad I haue found you together.

Clown. Truly sir, and I am glad that I may do you any way pleasure, either in helping you or my mistresse.

Smith. Boy, heare, and knaue you shal know it straight, I will haue you both befoze the Magistrate, and there haue you surely punished.

Clown. Why then maister you are iealous?

Smith. Jealous knaue, how can I be but iealous, to see you neuer so familiar together: thou art not only content to drinke alway my goods, but to abuse my wife.

Clow. Two good qualities, drunkennesse and lecherie, but maister are you iealous?

Smith. I knaue, and thou shalt know it ere I passe, for I will beswinge thee while this rope will hold.

Wife. My good husband abuse him not, for he neuer profered you any wrong.

Smith. Nay whoze, thy part shall not be behinde.

Clown. Why suppose maister I haue offended you, is it lawfull for the maister to beat the seruant for all offences?

Smith. I marry is it knaue.

Clown. When maister will I proue by lodgicke, that seeing all sinnes are to receiue correction, the maister is to be corrected of the man: and sir, I pray you what greater sinne is, then iealousie: tis like a mad dog that for anger bites himselfe. Therefore that I may doe my dutie to you good maister, and to make a white

A Looking Glasse, for

Some of you, I will beswinge iealousie out of you, as you shall loue me the better while you liue.

Smith. What beate thy maister knaue?

Clowne. What beat thy man knaue? and I maister, and double beat you, because you are a man of credit, and thereloze haue at you, the fairest of forty pence.

Smith. Alasse wife, helpe, helpe, my man kills me.

Wife. Nay, even as you haue baked, so bzeu, iealousie must be dzuinen out by extremities.

Clowne. And that will I do mistresse.

Smith. Hold thy hand Adam, and not onely I forgiue and forget all, but I will giue thee a good share to liue on.

Clowne. Be gone Peasant, out of the compasse of my farther wrath, for I am a corrector of vice, and at night I will bring home my mistresse.

Smith. Euen when you please good Adam.

Clowne. When I please, marke thy words, tis a lease paroll, to haue and to hold, thou shalt be mine for euer, and so lets got to the Ale-house.

Exeunt.

Oseas. Where seruants gainst maisters do rebell.

The Common-weale may be accounted hell.

For if the feete the head shall hold in scorne,

The Cries state will fall and be forlorne.

This error London, waiteth on thy state,

Seruants amend, and maisters leaue to hate.

Let loue abound, and vertue raigne in all,

So God will hold his hand that threatneth thrall.

Enter the Marchants of Tharsus, the M. of the ship, some
Saylers, wet from the sea: with them the Gouver-
nour of Ioppa.

Gouer. Iop. What strange encounters met you on the sea?
That thus your Barke is battered by the flouds,
And you returne thus sea-wjacht as I see?

Mar.

London and England.

Mer. Most mightie governoz the chance is strange,
The tydings full of wonder and amaze,
Which better then we, our Maister can report.

Gouer. Maister discourse vs all the accident.

Mai. The faire Triones with their glimmering light
Smil'd at the soote of cleare Rookes a raine,
And in the wzath distinguishing the houres,
The Load starre of our course dispearst his cleare,
When to the seas with blithfull western blasts,
We saild amaine, and let the boling flie:
Scarce had we gone ten leagues from sight of land,
But loe an hoast of blacke and sable cloudes,
Came to eclips Lucinas silver face,
And with a hurling noise from forth the South,
A gulf of winde did raise the billowes vp,
When scanted we our sailes with speedie hands,
And tooke our ozablers from our bonnets straight,
And senered our bonnets from our courses,
Our topsailes vp, we trust our spittsailes in,
But vainly strive they that resist the heauens.
For loe the wanes incense them moze and moze,
Mouting with hideous roaring from the depth,
Our Barke is battered by incountring stormes,
And welny stemd by breaking of the flouds,
The skiers-man pale, and carefull holds his helme,
Wherein the trust of life and safetie lay,
Till all at once (a mortall tale to tell)
Our sailes were split by Bifas bitter blast,
Our Rudder broke and we bereft of hope:
There might you see with pale and gassly looks,
The dead in thought, and dolefull Merchants lifts
Their eyes and hands vnto their Countries Gods,
The goods we cast in bowels of the sea,
A sacrifice to swage proud Neptunes ire,
Onely alone a man of Israel,
A passenger, did vnder hatches lie,

A Looking Glasse, for

And slept secure, when we for succour praide :
Him I awoke, and said : why slumberest thou ?
Arise and pray, and call vpon thy God,
He will perhaps in pittie looke on vs.
Then cast we lots to know by whose amisse
Our mischiefe came, according to the guise,
And loe the lot did vnto Ionas fall,
The Israelite of whom I told you last,
Then questioned we his Country and his name,
Who answered vs, I am an Hebrew borne,
Who feare the Lord of heauen, who made the sea,
And fled from him, for which we all are plagu'd,
So to assuage the fury of my God,
Take me and cast my earkasse in the sea,
Then shall this stormy winde and billow cease.
The heauens they know, the Hebrewes God can tell,
How loth we were to execute his will :
But when no Dares nor labour might suffice,
We heaued the haplesse Ionas ouer-board :
So ceast the storme, and calmed all the sea,
And we by strength of Dares recovered shore.

Gou. A wondrous chance of mightie consequence,

Mai. Ah honored be the god that wrought the same,
For we haue bowd that saw his wondrous workes,
To cast away prophaned Paganisme,
And count the Hebrewes God the onely God.
To him this offering of the purest gold,
This Pirrhe and Calsia freely I do yeld.

M. And on his altars perfume these Turky cloaths,
This Cassampine and Gold Ile sacrifice.

Sai. To him my heart and thoughts I will addit,
Then suffer vs mightie Governour,
Within your Temples to doe sacrifice.

Gouer. You men of Tharsus follow me,
Who sacrifice vnto your God of heauen,
And welcome friends to Ioppais Governoz, *Exeunt a sacrifice.*

London and England.

Oseas. If warned once, the Ethnicks thus repent,
And at the first their error do lament :
What senselesse beasts deuoured in their sinne,
Are they whom long perswasions cannot winne.
Beware ye Westerne Cities, where the word
Is daily preached both at Church and boord :
Where maiestie the Gospell doth maintaine,
Where Preachers for yours good theselues do paine.
To dally long, and stil protract the time,
The Lord is iust, and you but dust and slime :
Presume not far, delay not to amend,
Who suffereth long, will punish in the end.
Cast thy account O London in this case,
Then iudge what causethou hast to call for grace.

*Jonas the Prophet cast out of the Whales
belly vpon the stage.*

Jonas. Lord of the light, thou maker of the world,
Behold thy hands of mercy reares me vp,
Loe from the hidious bowels of this fish,
Thou hast returned me to the wished aire,
Loe here apparant witnessse of thy power,
The proud Leviathan that scourges the seas,
And from his nostrills shewes out stormy clouds,
Whose backe resists the tempest of the winde,
Whose presence makes the scaly tropes to shake,
With humble fresse of his broad opened chappes,
Hath lent me harbour in the raging floods.
Thus though my sin hath dratone me downe to death,
Thy mercy hath restored me to life.
Bow ye my knees, and you my bathfull eyes
Weepe so for griefe, as you to water would :
In trouble Lord I called vnto thee,
Out of the belly of the deepest hell
I cride, and thou didst heare my voice O God:

A Looking Glasse, for

W^his thou hadst cast me downe into the deepe,
The seas and flouds did compasse me about,
I thought I had bene cast from out thy sight,
The weeds were wrapt about thy wretched head,
I went vnto the bottome of the hilles,
But thou O Lord my God hast brought me vp.
On thee I thought when as my soule did faint,
My praiers did please before thy mercie seate.
When did I pay my vowes vnto the Lord,
For why, saluation commeth from his throne.

An Angell appeareth.

An. Ionas arise, get thee to Niniue,
And preach to them the preachings that I bad:
Haste thee to see the will of heauen perform'd.

The Angel departs.

Ionas. Ichouah, I am bound to do thy will.
What coast is this, and where am I arriv'd:
Behold sweet Licas streaming in his bounds,
Bearing the walles of haughtie Niniue,
Wheras three hundred Townes do tempt the heauen:
Faire are the walles of proud Assiria,
But loe thy sinnes haue pierced through the cloudes.
Here will I enter boldly, since I know
My God commaund, whose power no power resists.

Exit.

Ose. You Prophets learne by Ionas how to liue,
Repent your sinnes, whilst he doth warning giue.
Who knowes his masters will and doth it not,
Shall suffer many stripes full well I wot.

Enter Aluida in rich attire, with the King
of Cilicia, and her Ladies.

Alui. Ladies goe sit you downe amidst this booke,
And let the Eunicks plaie you all a sleepe;
But garlands made of Roses on your heads,

And

London and England.

And plaie the wantons whilst I talke a while;
Lady. Thou beautifull of all the world we will.

Enter the Bowers.

Alui. King of Cilicias kind and courteous,
Like to thy selfe, because a lovely king,
Come laie thee downe vpon thy mistresse knee,
And I will sing and talke of loue to thee.

K. Cili. Most gracious Paragon of excellence,
It fits not such an abiet Prince as I,
To talke with Raine: Paramour and Love.

Alui. To talke sweet friend, who would not talke with
Oh be not coy, art thou not onely faire? (thee)
Come twine thine armes about this snow white neck,
A loue-heat for the great Assirian King,
Blushing I tel thee faire Cilician Prince,
None but thy selfe can merit such a grace.

K. Ci. Madam, I hope you mean not so; to mock mee.

Al. No king, faire king, my meaning is to poke thee.
Heare me but sing of loue, then by my sighes,
My teares, my glauncing lookes, my changed cheare,
Thou shalt perceiue how I do hold thee deare.

K. Ci. Sing Madam if you please, but loue in iest.

Alui. Nay, I will loue, and sigh at euery test.

The Song.

Beautie alas, where wast thou borne?
Thus to hold thy selfe in scorne:
When as Beautie kist to wooe thee,
Thou by Beautie doest vndoo mee.

Heigho, despise me not.

I and thou in sooth are one,
Fairer thou, I fairer none:
Wanton thou, and wilt thou wanton
Yeeld a cruell heart to plant on?
Do me right, and do me reason,
Crueltie is cursed treason.

Heigho I loue, heigho I loue,

Heigho, and yet he eies me not.

A Looking Glasse, for

King. Hadam your song is passing passionate.

Alui. And wilt thou not then pittie my estate?

King. Aske loue of them who pittie may impart.

Alui. I aske of thee sweet, thou hast stole my hart.

King. Your loue is fired on a greater King.

Alui. That womens loue, it is a fickle thing.

I loue my Rasni for my dignitie.

I loue Cilician King for his sweet eye.

I loue my Rasni since he rules the world.

But more I loue this kingly little world. She embraceth him.

How sweet he looks: Oh were I Cithias Sphère,

And thou Endimion, I should hold thee deere:

Thus should mine armes be spred about thy necke.

She embraceth his necke.

Thus would I kisse my Loue at every necke.

She kisseth him.

Thus would I sigh to see thee sweetly sleepe,

And if thou wakest not soone, thus would I weepe.

And thus, and thus, and thus: thus much I loue thee.

She kisseth him againe.

King. For all these bowes, bestow me if I proue you.

By faith vnto my King shall not be false.

Alui. Good Lord how men are coy when they are crand:

King. Hadam, behold our King approacheth nie.

Alui. Thou art Endimion, then no more, heigho for him I die.

She faints, and points at the King of Cilicia.

Enter Rasni, with his Kings and Lords.

Rasni. What ailes the Center of my happinesse:

Whereon depends the heauen of my delight:

Thine eyes the metoys to commaund my world.

Thy hands the arier to maintaine my world.

Thy smiles, the prime and spring-tide of my world.

Thy frownes, the winter to afflict the world.

Thou Quene of me, I King of all the world.

Alui. Ah feeble eyes lift vp and looke on him. She riseth as out
As Rasni here: then droupe no more poore heart, (of a trance.

Oh

London and England.

Oh how I fainted when I wanted thee:

She embraceth him,

How faine am I, how I looke on thee:

How glorious is my Rashi: how diuine?

Cunukes play Hymnes to praise his deitie:

He is my loue, and I his Iuno am.

Raf. Sun-bright, as is the eye of Ioumers day,

When as he lutes Spenori all in gold,

To wooe his Leda in a Swanlike shape.

Seemly as Galbocia for thy whiter

Rose-coloured, Lilly, lonely, wanton, kinde,

Be thou the labozynth to tangle loue,

Whilest I command the crowne from Venus tress:

And pull Onoris girdle from his loines,

Catchast with Carbunkles and Diamonds,

To beautifie faire Aluida my Loue.

Play Cunukes, sing in honour of her name,

Yet looke not slauely vpon her twining eyne,

For she is faire Lucina to your King,

But fierce Medusa to your baser eygh.

Alui. What if I slept, where should my pillow bee?

Raf. Within my bosome Pimph, not on my knee,

Sleepe like the smiling puritie of heauen,

When mildest winde is loth to blend the peace,

Peane-while thy balme shall from thy breath arise,

And while these closures of thy lampes be shut,

My soule may haue his peace from fancies waite.

This is my Morane, and I her Cephalus.

Wake not too soone sweet Pimph, my Loue is toonne:

Carnies, why staie your straines, why tempt you me?

Enter the Priests of the Sun, with Miters on their

heads, carrying fire in their hands.

Priest. All haile vnto Th'assirian deitie.

Raf. Priests why presume you to disturbe my peace?

Priest. Rashi, the Destinies disturbe thy peace.

Behold

A Looking Glasse, for

Behold amidst the addittes of our Gods,
Our mightie Gods the patrons of our warre:

The ghaost of dead men holping walke about,
Crying Ve, Ve, woe to this Citie woe:

The statutes of our Gods are thzowne downe,
And streames of blood our Altars do distaine.

Alui. Alas my Lord, what tydings do I heare?
Shall I be slaine?

She. Starteth.

Raf. Who tempteth Aluida?
Goe bzeake me vp the bzaen walles of dreames,
And binde me cursed Morpheus in a chaine,
And fetter all the fancies of the night,

Because they do disturbe my Aluida
A hand from our cloud, threatning with a burning sword.

K. Cili. Behold dread Prince, a burning sword from heauen,
Which by a thzeatning arme is brandished.

Raf. What am I thzeatned then amidst my throne?
Sages, you Sages speake; what meaneth this?

Sages. These are but clammie exhalations,
Dz retrograde coniunctions of the starres,
Dz oppositions of the greater lights:

Dz radiatrous finding matter fit,
That in the starrie Spheare kindled be,

Shatters betokening dangers to thy foes,
But peace and honor to my Lord the King.

Raf. When frolicke Mierories, Kings and Potentates,
Dziue all vaine fancies from your feeble mindes.

Priests goe and pray, whilst I prepare my feast,
Where Aluida and I, in pearle and gold,

Will quaffe vnto our Nobles, richest wine,
In spight of fortune, fate, dz destiny.

Exeunt.

Oseas. Woe to the traines of womens foolish lust,
In wedlocke rights that yeeld but little trust.

That

London and England.

That vow to one, yet common be to all,
Take warning wantons, pride will haue a fall,
Woe to the Land, where warnings profit nought,
Who say that Nature Gods decrees hath wrought,
Who build on Fate, and leaue the corner stone,
The God of Gods, sweet Christ the onely one.
If such escapes O London raigne in thee,
Repent, for why each sin shall punish bee,
Repent, amend, repent the house is sic,
Deferre not time, who knowes when he shall die?

Enters one clad in diuels attire alone.
Longer lines a merry man then a sad, and because I meane to
make my selfe pleasant this night, I haue put my selfe into this
attire to make a Clowne afraide that passeth this way: for of late
there haue appeared many strange apparitions, to the great feare
and terroz of the Citizens. Oh here my yong maister comes.

Enter Adam and his Mistresse.

Adam. Fear not Mistresse, ile bring you safe home, if my mai-
ster frowne, then will I stamp and stare, and if all be not well
then, why then to morrow mayne put out mine eyes cleane with
foztie pound.

Wife. Oh but Adam, I am afraid to walke so late because of
the spirits that appeare in the Citie.

Adam. What are you afraid of spirits? Arnde as I am, with
Ale and Putmegs, turne me loose to all the diuels in hell.

Wife. Alas Adam, Adam, the diuel, the diuel.

Adam. The diuel mistresse, stie you for your safegard, let me
alone, the diuel and I will deale well inough, if he haue any hone,
stie at all in him, Ile either win him with a smooth tale, or else with
a Toast and a cup of Ale.

The Diuel sings heere.

Diuel. Oh, oh, oh, oh, saime would I bee,
If that my kingdome fulfilled I might see,
Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Clowne. Surely this is a merry diuell, and I beleene hee is

A Looking Glasse, for

one of Lucifers Minstrels, hath a sweete voice, now surely, surely, he may sing to a paire of Longs and a Bag-pipe.

Diuel. Oh thou art he that I seeke for.

Clown. Spiritus sanctus, away from me satan, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Diuel. Oh villaine thou art mine.

Clown. Nominus patrus, I blesse me from thee, and I confute thee to tell me who thou art.

Diuel. I am the spirit of the dead man that was slaine in thy company when we were drinke together at the Ale.

Clown. By my troth sir, I cry you mercy, your face is so changed, that I had quite forgotten you, well maister diuell we haue tost ouer many a pot of Ale together.

Diuel. And therefore must thou goe with me to hell.

Clowne. I haue a pollicie to shift him, for I know he comes out of a hote place, and I know my selfe, the Smith and the diuel hath a drie toothe in his head, therefore wil I leaue him a sleep, and runne my way.

Diuel. Come art thou readie.

Clown. Faith sir my old friend, and now Goodman diuell, you know, you and I haue bene tossing many a good cup of Ale, your nose is growne very rich, what say you, wil you take a pot of Ale now at my hands: hell is like a Smiths Forge full of water, and yet ener a thrust.

Diuel. No Ale villaine, spirits cannot drinke, come get vp on my backe, that I may carry thee.

Clowne. You know I am a Smith sir, let me looke whether you be wel shod or no, for if you want a shoe, a remoue, or the clinching of a nail, I am at your command.

Diuel. Thou hast neuer a shoe fit for me.

Clowne. Why sir, we shewe horned beasts as wel as you, Oh good Lord, let me sit down and laugh, he hath neuer a clowen fote, a diuel quoth he, ile vse spiritus sanctus, no, nominus patrus no more to him, I warrant you, He do more good vpon him with my cudgell, now wil I sit me downe and become Iustice of peace to the diuel.

Diuel.

London and England.

Diuel. Come art thou readie?

Clowne. I am readie. And with this cudgell I wil confute thee.

Diuel. Oh hold thy hand, thou killst me, thou killst me.

Clowne. When may I count my selfe I thinke a tall man, that am able to kill a diuel. Now who dare deale with me in the Par-
rish: or what wench in Niniuic will not loue me, when they say,
here goes he that beat the diuel.

Enters Thrasibulus.

Thras. Loathed is the life that now intorc'd I lead,
But since necessitie wil haue it so,
(Necessitie it doth commaund the Gods)
Through euery coast and corner now I prae,
To pilfer what I can to buy me meate,
Here haue I got a cloake not ouer old,
Which wil afford some little sustenance,
Now wil I to the broking Vsurer,
To make exchange of ware for readie come.

Alcon. Wife bid the trumpets sound a prae, a prae mark the
posie, I cut this from a new married wife, by the helpe of a bozne
thumbe and a knife, five shillings foure pence.

Samia. The better lucke ours, but what haue we here, cast ap-
parell: Come away man the Vsurer is neare, this is dead ware,
let it not bide on our hands.

Thras. Here are my partners in my povertie,
Enforc'd to seeke their fortunes as I do.

Alas that fewe men should possesse the wealth,
And many soules be forc'd to beg or steale.

Alcon well met.

Alcon. Fellow begger whither now?

Thras. To the Vsurer to get gold on commodities.

Alcon. And I to the same place to get bent for my villany, for
where the old crust comes, let vs salute him. God speed sir, may
a man abuse your patience vpon a pauze?

A Looking Glasse, for

Vsurer. Friend let me see it.
Alcon. *Eccē signum*, a faire doublet and hose, new bought out
of the pilferers shop, a handsome cloake.

Vsurer. How were they gotten?

Thras. How catch the fisher men fish? Gaister take them as
you thinke them worth, we leaue all to your conscience.

Vsurer. Honest men, toward men, good men, my friends, like
to proue good members, vse me, command me, I will maintaine
your credits, there's money, now spend not your time in idlenesse,
buying me commoditie, I haue crownes for you, there is two shil-
lings for thee, and sixe shillings for thee.

Alcon. A bargain, now Samia haue at it for a new smocke,
come let vs to the spring of the best liquoz, whilst this lasts, tril-
lill.

Vsu. Good fellows, proper fellows, my companions, fare-
well, I haue a pot for you.

Samia. If he could spare it.

Enters to them Ionas.

Repent ye men of Ninuie repent,
The day of indignation comes,
When graue hearts shall glasted be with fire.
When as corruptions baile, shall be vniuersall.
When byberies shall be repaid with same.
When whoresomes shall be recompenc'd in hell.
When riot shall with rigoz be rewarded.
When as neglect of truth, contempt of God,
Disdain of poore men, fatherlesse and sicke
Shall be rewarded with a bitter plague.
Repent ye men of Ninuie, repent.
The Lord hath spoke, and I do crie it out.
There are as yet, but fortie daies remaining,
And then shall Ninuie be ouerthrowne.
Repent ye men of Ninuie, repent.
There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,
And then shall Ninuie be ouerthrowne. Exit.

London and England.

Vsu. Confus'de in thought, oh whither shall I wend? (Exit.)

Thras. My conscience cries that I haue done amisse. (Exit.)

Alcon. Oh God of heauen, gainst thee haue I offended. (Exit.)

Samia. Alham'd of my misdeeds, where shall I hibe me? (Exit.)

Clesi. Father mee thinks this word repent is good,

He that punish disobedience

Doth hold a scourge for euery priuie fault. (Exit.)

Oseas. Looke London looke, with inward eyes behold,
What lessons the euent do here vnfold.

Sinne growne to pride, to miserie is thrall,

The warning bell is rung, beware to fall.

Ye worldly men whom wealth doth lift on hie,

Beware and feare, for worldly men must die.

The time shall come, where least respect remaines,

The sword shall light vpon the wisest braines.

The head that deemes to ouertop the skie,

Shall perish in his humane pollicie.

Loe I haue said, when I haue said the truth,

When will is law, when folly guideth youth.

When shew of zeale is pranke in robes of zeale,

When Ministers powle the pride of common-weale.

When Law is made a laborinth of strife,

When honour yeels him friend to wicked life.

When Princes heare by others cares their follie,

When Vsury is most accounted holie.

If these should hap, as would to God they might not,

The plague is neare, I speake although I write not.

Enters the Angell.

An. *Oseas.*

Ose. Lord,

An. Now hath thine eyes perus'd these hainous finnes,

Hatefull vnto the mightie Lord of hostes,

The time is come; their finnes are waxen ripe,

And though the Lord so warnes, yet they repent not.

A Looking Glasse, for

Custom of sinne hath hardened all their hearts,
How comes renenge armed with mightie plagues,
To punish all that live in Ninivie,
For God is iust, as he is mercifull,
And doubtlesse plagues all such as scozne repent:
Thou shalt not see the desolation
That fallles vnto these cursed Ninivites.
But shalt returne to great Hierusalem,
And preach vnto the people of thy God,
What mightie plagues are incident to sinne,
Unlesse repentance mitigate his ire:
Wapt in the spirit as thou wert hither brought,
He seate thee in Iudas provinces,
Feare not Oseas then to preach the word.

Oseas. The wil of the Lord be done.

Oseas taken away.

Enters Rasni with his Viceroyes, Aluida and
Ladies to a banquet.

Rasni. So Viceroyes you haue please me passing
These curious cates are grattous in mine eye, (well,
But these Bozachions of the richest wine,
Make me to thinke how blythsome we wil be.
Seate thee faire luno in the royall thzone,
And I wil serue thee to see thy face,
That feeding on the beantie of thy lokes,
My stomacke and mine eyes may both be filld.
Come Lordings seate you, fellow mates at feast,
And frolicke wags, this is a day of glée,
This banquet is for brightsome Aluida.
He haue them skinckt my standing bowles of wine,
And no man drinke, but quaffe a full carouse,
Vnto the health of beauteous Aluida.
For who so riseth from this feast not drunke,
As I am Rasni, Ninivies great king,
Shall die the death as trayto; to my selfe.

London and England.

For that he scoznes the health of Aluida.

K. Cili. That wil I neuer do my Lord.

Therefore with sapour, fortune to your grace,
Carowse vnto the health of Aluida.

Rasni. Gramercy Lording, here I take thy pledge.
And Creete to thee a bowle of Greekish Wine,
Here to the health of Aluida.

Creer. Let come my Lord, Iack Shinker fill it full,
I pledge vnto the health of heavenly Aluida.

Ras. Vassals attendant on our royall feasts,
Drinke you I say vnto my Louers health,
Let none that is in Rasnies royall Court,
Goe this night safe and sober to his bed.

Enters the Clowne.

Clowne. This way he is, and here wil I speake with him.

Lord. Fellow, whither p̄sdest thou?

Clowne. I p̄esse no bodie sir, I am going to speake with a
friend of mine.

Lord. Why slane, here is none but the King and his Vice-
royes.

Clown. The King, marry sir he is the man that I would speake
withall.

Lord. Why calst him a friend of thine?

Clowne. I marry do I sir, for if he be not my friend, ile make
him my friend ere he and I passe.

Lord. Away vassalle be gone, thou speake vnto the King.

Clowne. I marry wil I sir, and if he were a king of beluet, I
will talke to him.

Rasni. Whats the matter there, what noise is that?

Clowne. A boone my Liege, a boone my Liege.

Rasni. What is it that great Rasni wil not graunt
This day, vnto the meanest of his Land,
In honour of his beauteous Aluida?

Come hither swaine, what is it that thou crauest?

Clowne. Faith sir nothing, but to speake a fewe sentences to
your worship.

Rasni.

A Looking Glasse, for

Raf. Say what is it?

Clown. I am sure sir you haue heard of the spirits that walke in the Citie here.

Raf. I what of that?

Clown. Truly sir, I haue an oration to tel you of one of them, and this it is.

Alui. Why goest not forward with thy tale?

Clown. Faith mistresse, I feele an imperfection in my voice, a disease that troubles me, but alas, easily mended, a cup of Ale, or a cup of Wine, will serue the turne.

Alui. Fill him a bowle, and let him want no drinke.

Clowne. O what a pretious word was that, and let him want no drinke. Well sir, now I'll tell you forth my tale. Sir as I was comming alongst the port ryualt of Niniue, there appeared to me a great diuell, and as hard fauoured a diuell as euer I sawe: nay sir, he was a cuckoldly diuel, for he had hornes on his head. This diuel, marke you now, presseth vpon mee, and sir indeed, I charged him with my pike staffe: but when that wold not serue, I came vpon him with spiritus sanctus, why it had bin able to haue put Lucifer out of his wits, when I sawe my charme wold not serue, I was in such a perplexitie, that sixe penny-worth of Juniper wold not haue made the place swete againe.

Alui. Why fellow wert thou so afraid?

Clowne. Oh mistresse, had you bene there and seene, his verie sight had made you shift a cleane smocke, I promise you though I were a man, and counted a tall fellow, yet my Landresse calde me slouenly knaue the next day.

Rafni. A pleasaunt flauie, forward Sirrha, on with thy Tale.

Clowne. Faith sir, but I remember a word that my mistresse your bed-fellow spake.

Rafni. What was that fellow?

Clowne. Oh sir, a word of comfort, a pretious word: and let him want no drinke.

Rafni. Her word is Lawe: and thou shalt want no drinke.

Clowne.

London and England.

Clowne. Then sir this diuell came vpon mee, and would not be perswaded, but he would needs carry me to hell, I proffered him a cup of Ale, thinking because he came from so hotte a place, that he was thirstie, but the diuel was not drie, and therefore the moze sozie was I: well, there is no remedie, but I must with him to hell, and at last I cast mine eye aside, if you knew what I spied, you would laugh, sir I looke from top to toe, and he had no clouen fete. Then I ruffled vp my haire, and set my cap on the one side, and sir grew to be a Justice of peace to the diuel. At last in a great fume, as I am very chollicke, and sometime so hotte in my fustian fumes, that no man can abide within twentie yardes of mee, I start vp, and so bombasted the diuel, that sir he cried out, and ranne away.

Alui. This pleasant knave hath made me laugh my fill.
Rasni, now Aluida begins her quasse,
And dzinkes a full carouse vnto her King.

Rasni. I pledge my Lowe, as hartie as great Loue
Drunke, when his Luno heard a botle to him,
Frolicke my Lord, let all the Standards walke.
Plie it till euery man hath tane his load.

How now sirrha, what cheare, we haue no words of you?

Clowne. Truly sir, I was in a bzoton study about my mistresse.

Alui. About me, for what?

Clowne. Truly mistresse, to thinke what a golden sentence you did speake: all the Philosophers in the world could not haue said moze: what come, let him want no dzinke. Oh wise speech.

Alui. Willaines, why skinck you not vnto this fellow?
He makes me blythe and merry in my thoughts.
Heard you not that the King hath giuen command
That all be dzunke this day within his Court,
In quassing to the health of Aluida?

Enter: Ionas.

Ionas. Repent, repent, ye men of Nininie repent.
The Lord hath spoken, and I do crie it out,
There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,
And then shall Nininie be ouerthrowne.

A Looking Glasse, for

Repent ye men of Niniue, repent.

Raf. What fellow is this that thus disturbes our feasts,
With outeries and alarms to repent :

Clown. Oh sir, tis one goodman Jonas that is come from Iericho, and surely I thinke he hath seene some spirit by the way, and is faine out of his wittes, for he neuer leaues crying night nor day, my maister heard him, and he shut vp his shop, gaue me my Indenture, and he and his wife do nothing but fast and pray.

Jonas. Repent ye men of Niniue, repent.

Raf. Come hither fellow, what art, & from whence comest

Jonas. Rafni, I am a Prophet of the Lord, (thou art
Sent hither by the mightie God of hostes,

To cry destruction to the Niniuites,

O Niniue, thou harlot of the world,

I raise thy neighbours round about thy bounds,

To come and see thy filthinesse and sinne.

Thus saith the Lord, the mightie God of hostes,

Your King lones chambering and wantonnesse,

Whoredome and murder do distaine his Court,

He fauoureth couetous and drunken men.

Behold therefore all like a strumpet foule,

Thou shalt be iudg'd and punish't for thy crime :

The foe shall pierce the gates with iron rampes,

The fire shall quite consume thee from aboue.

The houses shall be burnt, the Infants slaine.

And women shall behold their husbands die.

Thine eldest sister is Lamana.

And Sodome on thy right hand seated is.

Repent ye men of Niniue, repent.

The Lord hath spoke, and I do crie it out.

There are as yet but forty daies remaining,

And then shall Niniue be overthrowne.

Exit offered.

Rafni. Stale Prophet, stale.

Jonas. Disturbe not him that sent me,

Let me perforce the message of the Lord.

Exit.

Rafni.

London and England.

Rasni. My soule is buried in the hell of thoughts.
Oh Alorda I looke on thee with shame.
My Lords on suddaine fire their eyes on ground,
As if vishmaid to looke vpon the heauens.
Hence Magi, who haue flattered me in sinne.

Exit his Sages.

Horrour of minde, disturbance of my soule,
Shakes me agast, for Niniuies mishap.
Lords, see proclaim, yea see it straight proclaim'd,
That man and beast, the woman and her child,
For fortie daies in sacke and ashes fast,
Perhaps the Lord will yeeld and pittie vs:
Beare hence these wretched blandishments of sinne,
And bring me sackcloth to attire your King.
Away with pompe, my soule is full of woe:
In pittie looke on Niniue, O God.

Exit a man.

Alui. Assaild with sorrow, with horror ouerborne,
To sorowes sold, all guiltie of our sinne.
Come Ladies come, let vs prepare to pray,
Alas, how dare we looke on heavenly light,
That haue despilde the maker of the same:
How may we hope for mercy from above,
That stil despise the warnings from above?
Woes me, my conscience is a heauie foe,
O patron of the poore oppress with sinne,
Loke, loke on me, that now for pittie craue,
Assaild with shame, with horror ouerborne,
To sorow sold, all guiltie of our sinne.
Come Ladies come, let vs prepare to pray.

Exeunt.

Enter the Vsurer alone, with a halter in one
hand, and a dagger in the other.

(crimes,

Vsurer. Crouching in conscience, burdened with my
The hell of sorrow haunts me vp and downe.

A Looking Glasse, for

Tread where I liff, mee-thinks the bléeding ghaasts,
Of those whom my corruption brought to naughts,
Do serue for stumbling blocks befoze my steppes.
The fatherlesse and widow wrongd by me,
The poore oppressed by my vsurie,
Mee-thinks I see their hands reard vp to heauen,
To crie for vengeance of my couetousnesse.
Where so I walke, I le sigh and shun my way.
Thus am I made a monster of the world,
Hell gapes for me, heauen wil not hold my soule.
You mountaines shrowde me from the God of truth.
Mee-thinks I see him sit to iudge the earth.
See how he blots me out of the booke of life.
Oh burthen moze then Aena that I beare.
Couer me hilles, and shrowde me from the Lord.
Swallow me Licas, shield me from the Lord.
In life no peace: each murmuring that I heare,
Mee-thinks the sentence of damnation sounds,
Die reprobate, and hie thee hence to hell.

The euil angel tempteth him, offering
the knife and rope.

What fiend is this that temp's me to the death?
What is my death the harbour of my rest?
Then let me die: what second charge is this?
Mee-thinks I heare a voice amidst mine eares,
That bids me staie: and tels me that the Lord
Is mercifull to those that do repent.
May I repent, oh thou my doubtfull soule:
Thou maist repent, the Judge is mercifull.
Hence toles of wrath, stales of temptation,
For I wil pray and sigh vnto the Lord.
In sackcloth will I sigh, and fasting pray:
O Lord in rigor looke not on my sinnes.

He sits him downe in sackcloathes, his hands
and eyes reared to heauen.

London and England.

Enters Aluida with her Ladies, with dispearsed lookes.

Alui. Come mournfull dames, lay off your brydzed locks,
And on your Shoulders spread dispearsed haire,
Let voice of Musicke cease, where sorrow dwels.
Cloathed in sackcloathes, sigh your sinnes with me.
Bemone your pride, bewaile your lawlesse lusts,
With fasting mortifie your pampered loines:
Oh thinke vpon the horroz of your sinnes.
Thinke, thinke, with me, the burthen of your blames,
Woe to thy pompe, fall beautie, fading flowre,
Blasted by age, by sicknesse, and by death.
Woe to our painted cheekes, our curious oyles,
Our rich array, that fostered vs in sinne.
Woe to our idle thoughts that wound our soules,
Oh would to God, all nations might receiue
A good example by our grieuous fall.

Ladies. You that are planted there where pleasure dwels,
And thinke your pompe as great as Ninuies,
May fall for sinne as Ninuie doth now.

Alui. Mourne, mourne, let none be all your melodie,
And pray with me, and I will pray for all.

Lords. O Lord of heauen forgive vs our misdoeds.

Ladies. O Lord of heauen forgive vs our misdoeds.

Vsu. O Lord of light forgive me my misdoeds.

Enters Rasni, the kings of Assyria, with his Nobles,
in sackcloth.

K. Cilicia. Be not overcome with griefe O King,
Least you endanger life by sorrowing so.

Ras. King of Cilicia, should I cease my griefe,
Whereas my swarming sinnes afflict my soule?
Waine man know, this my burthen greater is,
Then euery private subiect in my land:
My life hath bene a load-starre vnto them,
To guide them in the labyrinth of blame,
Whence I haue taught them so to do amisse:

A Looking Glasse, for

Then must I weepe my friend for their amisse,
The fall of Niniue is wrought by me:
I haue maintaine this Citie in her shame.
I haue contemned the warnings from aboue.
I haue bpholden Incest Rape, and spoile.
Tis I that wrought thy sinne, must weepe thy sinne.
Oh had I teares like to the siluer streames,
That from the Alpine Mountaines sweetly streame,
Oh had I sighes the treasures of remoyse,
As plentiful as Aeolus hath blasts,
I then would tempt the heauens with my laments,
And pierce the throne of mercy by my sighes.

K.Ci. Heauens are propitious vnto faithfull praier.

Raf. But after our repent, we must lament:
Least that a worse mischief both befall.
Oh pray, perhaps the Lord will pittie vs.
Oh God of truth both mercifull and iust,
Behold repentant men with pittious eyes,
Woe waile the life that we haue led before.
Oh pardon Lord, Oh pittie Niniue.

Omnes. Oh pardon Lord, Oh pittie Niniue.

Rafni. Let not the Infants dallying on the seat,
For fathers sinnes in iudgement be opprest.

K.Ci. Let not the painfull mothers big with child,
The innocents be punisht for our sinne.

Rafni. Oh pardon Lord, Oh pittie Niniue.

Omnes. Oh pardon Lord, Oh pittie Niniue.

Rafni. Oh Lord of heauen, the virgins weep to thee.
The couetous man sozie for his sinne.

The Prince and poore, all pray before thy throne,
And wilt thou then be wroth with Niniue?

K.Ci. Giue truce to praier. Oh King, and rest a space.

Raf. Giue truce to praier, when times requires no truce:
No Princes no. Let all our subjects hie
Vnto our Temples, where on humbled knees
I will expect some mercy from aboue. Enter the remaine Omnes.

London and England.

Enter Jonas alone.

Jonas. This is the day wherein the Lord hath said,
That Ninuie shall quite be ouerthrowne.
This is the day of horroz and mishap,
Fatall vnto the cursed Niniuites.
These stately Towers shall in thy watery bounde,
Swift flowing Licas finde their burialls.
These Pallaces the pride of Assyrians Kings,
Shall be the bowzes of desolation,
Whereas the solitary Bird shall sing,
And Tygres traine their yong ones to their neast.
O all ye Nations bounded by the West,
Ye happie Isles, where Prophets do abound,
Ye Cities famous in the Westerne world,
Make Ninuie a president for you.
Leaue leand desires, leaue couetous delights,
Flee vsurie, let whozedom be exile,
Least you with Ninuie be ouerthrowne.
Loe how the Sunnes inflamed torch prenailes,
Scorching the parched furrowes of the earth.
Here will I sit me downe and fire mine eye
Vpon the ruines of yon wretched Towne.
And loe a pleasant shade, a spreading Vine,
To shelter Jonas in this Sunny heate.
What meanes my God, the day is done and spent:
Lord shall my Prophecie be brought to nought?
When falles the fire? when will the Iudge be wroth?
I pray thee Lord remember what I said,
When I was yet within my country land,
Iehouah is too mercifull I feare.
O let me flee before a Prophet fault,
For thou art mercifull the Lord my God,
Full of compassion and sufferance,
And doest repent in taking punishment.
Why staies thy hand? O Lord first take my life,
Before my Prophecie be brought to nought.
Ah he is wroth, behold the glad some Vine
Shall growe from the fountaine heate.

A Looking Glasse, for

Is withered quite, and swallowed by a Serpent.

A Serpent deuoureth the Vine.

**How furious Phlegon triumphes on my bowes,
And heate preuailes, and I am faint in heart,**

Enters the Angell.

An. Art thou so angry Ionas? tell me why?

**Ionas. Iehouah, I with burning heate am plunged,
And shadowed onely by a silly vine,
Behold a Serpent hath deuoured it:
And loe the Sunne incens't by Easterne winde,
Afflicts me with Cariculer aspect,
Would God that I might die, for well I wot,
Twere better I were dead, then rest aliuē.**

An. Ionas art thou so angry for the vine?

Ionas. Yea I am angry to the death my God.

**An. Thou hast compassion Ionas on a vine,
On which thou neuer labour didst bestow,
Thou neuer gauest it life or power to grow,
But suddainly it sprung, and suddainly diide.
And should not I haue great compassion
On Niniue the Citie of the Lord?
Wherein there are a hundred thousand soules,
And twentie thousand Infants that he wot
The right hand from the left, besides much cattle.
Oh Ionas, looke into their Temples now,
And see the true contrition of their King:
The subiects teares, the sinners true remorse.
Then from the Lord, proclaime a mercy day,
For he is pittifull as he is iust.**

Exit Angelus.

Ionas. I goe my God to finish thy command.

**Oh who can tell the wonders of my God,
Or talke his praises with a fervent tongue?
He bringeth downe to hell, and lifts to heauen.
He drawes the yoke of bondage from the iust,
And lookes vpon the Heathen with pitteous eyes,
To him all praise and honour be ascribed.
Oh who can tell the wonders of my God?**

London and England.

The Aile to speake, to save the Prophets life.
The earth and sea to yeld increase for man.
Who can describe the compasse of his power?
Or testifie in termes his endlesse might?
My ravisht spight, oh whither dost thou wend?
Goe and proclaime the mercy of my God.
Believe the carefull hearted Ninivites.
And as thou wert the messenger of death,
Goe bring glad tydings of recovered grace.
Enters Adam solus, with a bottle of beere in one stop,

and a great peece of beefe in an other.

Well godman Ionas, I would you had never come from Iury
to this Country, you have made me looke like a leanerib of roast
beefe, or like the picture of Lent, painted upon a red Herings cob.
Alas maisters, we are commaunded by the proclamation to fast
and pray, by my troth I could prettely, so, so, away with praying,
but for fasting, why tis contrary to my nature, that I had rather
suffer a short hanging, then a long fasting. Marke me, the words
be these. Thou shalt take no manner of foode for so many daies. I
had as leue he should have said, thou shalt hang thy selfe for so
many daies. And yet in faith I need not finde fault with the pro-
clamation, for I have a buttry, and a pantry, and a kitchen, about
me, for proofe, Ecce signum, this right stop is my pantry, behold a
manchet, this place is my kitchen, for loe a peece of beefe. Oh let
me repeate that sweet word againe: for loe a peece of beefe. This
is my buttry, for see, see. my friends, to my great ioy, a bottle of
beere. Thus alas, I make shift to weare out this fasting, I being
away the time, but there goe Searchers about to seeke if any man
bzeakes the King commaund. Oh here they be, in with your vic-
tuals Adam.

Enter two Searchers.

1. Sear. How duly the men of Ninivie keep the proclamation,
how are they armd to repentance: we have searcht through the
whole Citty and have not as yet found one that bzeakes the fast.

2. Sear. The signe of the more grace, but staie, here sits one
mee-thinkes at his praier, let vs see who it is.

1. Sear. 'Tis Adam, the Smiths man, how now Adam?

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tuals Adam.

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whole Citty and haue not as yet found one that bzeakes the fast.

2. Sear. The signe of the more grace, but staie, here sits one
mee-thinks at his praiers, let vs see who it is.

1. Sear. 'Tis Adam, the Smiths man, how now Adam?

A Looking Glasse, for

Adam. Trouble me not, thou shalt take no manner of sode, but fast and pray.

1. Sear. How deuoutly he sits at his orizons; but stay, mee thinks I seele a smell of some meate or bzead about him.

2. Sear. So thinks me too, you sirrha, what victuals haue you about you?

Adam. Victuals! O horrible blasphemie. Winder me not of my prater, no2 dzine me not into a chello2, victuals! why hardst thou not the sentence, thou shalt take no sode, but fast and pray?

2. Sear. Truth so it should be, but mee-thinkes I smell meate about thee.

Adam. About me my friends, these words are actions in the Case: About me, no, no: hang those gluttons that cannot fast and pray.

1. Sear. Well for all your words, we must search you.

Adam. Search me, take heed what you do, my hose are my ca-
bles, tis burglary if you bzeake ope a flop, no officer must lift vp
an iron hatch, take heed, my flocs are Iron.

2. Sear. Oh villaine, see how he hath gotten victualles, bzead,
beeefe, and beere, where the king commanded vpon paine of death
none should eate for so many daies, no not the sucking Infant.

Adam. Alas sir, this is nothing but a *modicum non necet ut
medicinis daret*, why sir, a bit to comfort my stomacke.

1. Sear. Villaine thou shalt be hangd for it.

Adam. These are your words, I shall be hangd for it, but first
answer me to this question, how many daies haue we to fast stil?

2. Sear. Five daies.

Adam. Five daies, a long time, then I must be hangd?

1. Sear. I marry must thou.

Adam. I am your man, I am for you sir, for I had rather be
hangd, then abide so long a fast, what five daies? Come Ile vn-
trusse, is your halter and the gallows, the ladder, and all such fur-
niture in readinesse?

1. Sear. I warrant thee, shalt want none of these.

Adam. But heare you, must I be hangd?

1. Sear. I marry.

Adam. And for eating of meate, then friends, know ye by these

London and England.

presents, I wil eate vp all my meate, and drinke vp all my drinke,
foz it shall neuer be said, I was hangd with an emptie stomach.

1. Sear. Come away knaue, wilt thou stand fasting now?

Adam. If you be so hastie, hang your selfe an houre while I
come, foz surely I wil eate vp my meate.

2. Sear. Come lets drato him away perforce.

Adam. You say there is fine daies yet to fast, these are your

2. Sear. I sir. (words.)

Adam. I am foz you, come lets away, and yet let me be put in
the Chronicles. Exeunt. (attended.)

Enter Ionas, Rasni, Aluida, king of Cilicia, & others, roially

Ionas. Come carefull King, cast off thy mournfull weeds,
Exchange thy cloudie lookes to smothered smiles,
Thy teares haue pierc'd the pitious throne of grace,
Thy sighes like Imence pleasing to the Lord,
Haue bene peace-offerings foz thy sozmer pride.
Reioyce and praise his name that gaue thee peace,
And you faire Nymphs, ye louely Niniuites,
Since you haue wept and fasted foz the Lord,
He grationally haue tempered his reuenge:
Beware hencefozth to tempt him any more,
Let not the nicenesse of your beauteous lookes,
Ingraft in you a high presuming minde,
Foz those that climbe, he casteth to the ground,
And they that humble be, he lifts aloft.

Ras. Lowly I bend with awfull bent of eye,
Befoze the dread Ichouah, God of hoste,
Despising all pzoephane deuice of man:
Those lustfull lures that whilome led awoy
My wanton eyes, shall wound my heart no more:
And the whole youth in dalliance I abuse,
Shall now at last become my wedlocke mate.
Fairst Aluida looke not so woe begone:
If foz thy sinne thy sorow do exceed,
Blessed be thou, come with thy holy band
Lets knit a knot to salue our sozmer shame.

Alui. With blushing lookes beholding my remorse,

A Looking Glasse, for

I looly yeeld my King to thy behest,
As this man of God shall thinke it good.

Jonas. Woman, amends may neuer come to late.

I wil thou practise goodnesse, and vertuousnesse:

The God of heauen when sinners do repent,
Doth moze reioyce then in ten thousand iust.

Raf. When witnesse holie Prophet our accorde.

Alui. Blight in the presence of the Lord thy God.

Ion. Blest may you be, like to the flourishing sheaves.

That plate with gentle windes in summer tide,

Like Olive branches let your childezen spred:

And as the Pines in lofty Libanon,

Or as the Kids that feede on Lopher plaines,

So be the seede and offsprings of your loines.

Enters the Vsurer, Gentleman, and Alcon.

Vsurer. Come forth my friends, whom wittingly I

Before this man of God, receive your due, (wrongd,

Before our King I meane to make my peace.

Jonas, behold in signe of my remorse,

I here restore into these poore mens hands,

Their goods which I vniustly haue retained,

And may the heauens so pardon my misdeeds,

As I am penitent for my offence.

Thras. And what through want, from others I pur-

Behold O King, I proffer for thy throne (loynd,

To be restored to such as owe the same.

Ion. A vertuous deed pleasing to God and man,

Would God all Cities drowned in like shame,

Would take example of these Ninivites.

Rafni. Such be the fruites of Ninivies repent,

And such for ever may our dealings be,

That he that cald vs home in height of sinne,

May smile to see our hartie penitence.

Viceroyes proclaime a fast vnto the Lord,

Let Israels God be honoured in our land.

Let all occasion of corruption die.

For who shall fault therein shall suffer death.

London and England.

Beare witnesse God, of my vnfaigned zeale,
Come holy man, as thou shalt counsell me,
My Court and Citie shall reformed be. *Exeunt.*

Ion. Wend on in peace, and prosecute this course,
You Islanders on whom the milder aire
Doth sweetly breathe the balme of kind increase:
Whose lands are fatned with the dewe of heauen,
And made more fruitfull then Aetion plaines.
You whom delicious pleasures dandle soft:
Whose eyes are blinded with securitie,
Unmaske your selues, cast erroꝝ cleane aside.
O London, mayden of the mistresse Ile,
Wapt in the folds and swathing clouts of shame:
In thee more sinnes then Niniue containes:
Contempt of God, despight of reuerend age,
Neglect of law, desire to wrong the poore:
Corruption, whoꝝedome, drunkennesse, and pride,
Wholue are thy browes with impudence and shame.
O proud adulterous glorie of the West,
Thy neighbors burnes, yet doest thou feare no fire.
Thy Preachers crie, yet doest thou stop thine eares.
The lacum rings, yet sleepest thou secure.
London awake, soꝝ feare the Lord doth frowne,
I set a looking Glasse before thine eyes.
O turne, O turne, with weeping to the Lord,
And thinke the prayers and vertues of thy Queene,
Welsers the plague, which otherwise would fall.
Repent O London, least soꝝ thine offence,
Thy shepheard faile, whom mightie God preserve,
That she may hide the pillar of his Church,
Against the stoꝝmes of Romish Antichrist:
The hand of mercy ouershead her head,
And let all faithfull subiects say Amen.

F I N I S